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ANDREWS

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LOVE AND GRIEF.

I.

DEAD Love, dead Love, now shall thy burial be!

I give thee rainbowed hope to be thy shroud;
I lay the beauty that maketh women proud
On thy dead heart: I set my girlhood's glee
In that strait bed which now doth compass thee,

Immortal as I thought, to mortal bowed,
With all thy supreme godhead disallowed.
Dead Love, dead Love, and what shall comfort me?

What new fresh loveliness will yet arise
From his dear dust and ashes, his that erst
Made the whole realm of beauty pale and dim?

What blossom of glory from his grave shall burst?
I will not look and see it with the eyes
That opened at his kiss, and looked on him.

II.

Alas for the mortality of grief!
Next year, perhaps, and next year I may shun

The full sweet life of things beneath the sun,
But only now am I of mourners chief.
Too soon I shall have drunken Time's relief!
A little while, and healing will have run
Through every vein, forgetfulness begun!
O Love, dead Love, that woe should be so brief!

And shall this be indeed the end of all?
The sleepy drench of Time to soothe and lull
Into the calm that now I shudder from?
This hand, which felt thy bosom throb, to cull

Flowers from thy grave for memory-coronal?
O Love, that to this fashion Grief should come!

Athenæum.

E. H. HICKEY.

TRANSLATION.

MY SONGS (DALAIM).

(From the Hungarian of Alexander Petöfi.)

Oft in my musings I am idly tossed;
 Now here, now there, and feel my fancy lost.
 Across our native land my path I trace;
 Nay—earth and sky, and all beside embrace.
 My songs, which from these idle musings spring,
 Are but fantastic moonbeams as I sing.

Yet why with mystic dreams in slumber sink?
 Were it not well of future hours to think?
 But mindful of those hours why need I be?
 For God is loving; he will think for me.
 My careless songs mount upward on the wing,
 Like gayest butterflies, the while I sing.

Across my path when some sweet maiden strays
 My thoughts I dare not utter, as I gaze;
 My eyes from her calm eyes a greeting take,
 Like stars bent o'er the bosom of a lake;
 My songs, which unawares love's transport bring,
 Are just wild roses clustering as I sing.

Does the maid love me? Let the red wine flow;
 Loves not? why—then I quaff to quench my woe.

Wine in the merry cup will charm my pain,
 And bring some sunshine to my soul again.
 My songs, which joy and grief commingled bring,
 Are wondrous-tinted rainbows as I sing.

But while my hand holds up the cup it drains,
 I look, and on our people's necks are chains.
 Merry the clatter of the glass that cheers;
 But fetters rattle gruesome in our ears.
 My songs, while woful sights the bosom wring,
 Are heavy clouds about me as I sing.

But wherefore do our people bide the chain?
 Let them rise up and burst its links in twain.
 Wait they until in our Hungarian land
 God grant it falls rust-eaten from the hand?
 My songs, which from a tortured soul I fling,
 Behold! are angry lightnings as I sing.
 Academy. W. R. MORFILL.

ON THE THAMES EMBANKMENT.

A HUNDRED paces from the human tide
 That fills the Strand; one crooked street,
 and soon
 Behold a silent world of waters wide,
 Lit by a wandering moon.

The sleeping bridges, mute as in a dream,
 The gradual curve of lights on either shore,
 A barge that swings across the shifting stream,
 The distant London roar.

This alchemy of heaven upon the earth!
 The soul of beauty bursts through mortal bars;
 Night makes her music of the city's mirth,
 And of the gas-lamps, stars.

Ah! would the cosmic powers that rule our strife
 Perfect even so thy failures, Love, and mine,
 And weave from out the broken threads of life
 A tapestry divine.

We know not: only, in these moments rare
 When body seems but spirit's envelope,
 We look upon the earth, and find it fair,
 On heaven, and there is hope.

Spectator.

E. K. CHAMBERS.

From The New Review.

THE GERMAN CRISIS AND THE EMPEROR.

It has been my general experience to find that foreign nations, even among their most politically enlightened circles, know very little of the political situation in Germany. Hence it is that isolated occurrences which may happen to strike their particular attention are for the most part judged from a false point of view, because taken without reference to their inseparable connection with the underlying element of *dramatis personæ* and conditions. I am almost of opinion that in this deficiency of knowledge the English are greater offenders than the French, whom the last war and its consequences obliged to bestow particular attention on the political events of Germany. What chiefly deters the English mind from following German affairs with any interest is the state of tutelage in which, according to their impression, Germans are kept by their government. They look down with contemptuous pity on the childlike attitude of German representative bodies towards their grandmotherly *régime*, and set little value on their acts. They are all the more impressed by the isolated apparition, which, rising suddenly and clearly defined out of a cloud-capped, turbid sea, rouses their sympathy by this very manifestation of superior power. Thus it is, for instance, that their attention is riveted by the commanding figure of Prince Bismarck. Since he sank into the background, the most striking and conspicuous appearances of late have been the young emperor and the party of the Social Democrats. A few weeks ago these two elements of German politics once more gave occasion for sensational notices and, therewith, for questions as to their significance and importance. As was to be expected from the above-mentioned defective insight into their connection with, and exact bearing upon, the general situation, foreign public opinion formed a distorted and exaggerated estimate of them. The late street riots in Berlin were falsely ascribed to outbreaks of the Social Democrats; and, just as these riots were brought into a false relationship with the Democratic

party, it was also thought necessary to find some connection between the late imperial speech and these occurrences. And so, judging from various information, the prevailing impression of the moment in England is that a Socialist insurrection is impending in Germany, and that the emperor is preparing to overcome it by the introduction of a monarchical dictatorship. Whoever reads these sensational accounts easily falls into such misconceptions, and is led to believe in a critical state of affairs which really does not exist. Let it be distinctly understood, however, that not only is the great party of the Social Democrats far removed from these street riots, but that the same come in very awkwardly for them. Also, and this is an important point, that this party has of late years, and more especially since the repeal of the exceptional laws, withdrawn itself more and more from the revolutionary movement, and its increase in the elections and in its Parliamentary representation has strongly contributed to this. It has gained greatly thereby in consideration and influence, which are too much prized by its political leaders for them to set them at stake by revolutionary methods and proceedings. The thirty-five members of the Social Democratic party (or *Fraktion*, to use the technical expression) play quite a different part in the Imperial Diet than they ever did before, since the foundation of the North German Federation in the year 1867. The very fact that, since the elections of 1890, their places, theretofore high up behind the Mountain in the Chamber of Representatives, have been changed, and that we now find many among them occupying seats farther down, right opposite the front bench of the ministerial side of the House, is highly noteworthy as evidence of the growing prestige of the party. Treated for twenty-five years, more especially by the Conservatives, as a species of outlaws with whom the latter could only associate under strained relations, they have ultimately secured a position of perfect equality for themselves. They form a section which is represented in the committees of the House, and command an adequate number of signatures to enable them to introduce

independent motions. What is more important than this formal extension of rights is that they are treated by the ministers, the federal councillors, and even by their Conservative colleagues, with the same friendly consideration as is accorded to any other party. And as they possess great talent, industry, and zeal, they really inspire respect. It was lately reported that the president of the Reichstag, Herr von Levezow, a staunch Conservative, declared in a private conversation that, in his opinion, Herr Bebel was the first orator in the House. Opinions may differ on the subject, but this utterance is significant as marking the consideration which Herr Bebel's party has succeeded in obtaining for itself. Of course in like measure, with this improved condition, and by a process of mutual reaction, the manners and procedure of the Socialist members have undergone a considerable change. Very seldom, and then only from novices among them, are heard expressions provocative of vexatious and inflammatory speeches. Very often their motions bring important and solid material under discussion. Not a few of them are distinguished by their culture in political economy and by elegance of expression, while others whose social position would hardly justify such an expectation, as, for instance, the former ship's cook, Schwarz, or the workman in cigars, Molkenbuhl, frequently delight the House by a staid, measured, pertinent delivery. There is not a trace of their former truculent demeanor on entering the House. Even in their outer man there is a wholesome change, and the bare-necked, sinister figures of a Hasselmann or a Most never now offend the eye. The House has to deal with quiet, sensible citizens whose idiosyncrasy has no affinity for barricades and rifle-shots, but rather for a peaceful life in the bosom of their families, and who enjoy their celebrity, without on that account renouncing their Socialistic views. *Ils sont arrivés*, as a Frenchman would say. It is true we hear the objection made that behind this party, duly represented and acknowledged in Parliament, there crowds a surging throng which has no cause for similar satisfaction, and which forms the

senseless, fermenting element, eager for violence and destruction, and that at a given moment this insurrectionary contingent would carry away the masses with it and fling the moderate leaders overboard. But this assertion rests on an imperfect knowledge of the actual conditions of the case. In fact, the thirty-five members have by far the greater part of their electors on their side, and their moral ascendancy is in no way imperilled. The latter rests not only on their capital of acquired consideration and influence and on their qualifications, but also most decidedly on the circumstance that the greater part of the constituents do not go so far as their elected members. For out of the number of one million four hundred thousand Socialistic votes recorded in February, 1890 (a larger poll than that of any other single party), probably not more than one-half are thorough-going advocates of the Democratic programme, but simply malcontents, who have no thought of overturning the existing order of things.

Moreover, if the party has attained to a certain degree of repose and contentment, it must not be inferred that this arises solely from motives of self-complacency and personal feeling. It has far deeper and weightier reasons for satisfaction, for it has in effect gained admittance for its principles into the imperial legislation, and in such wise, too, that henceforth it will be difficult to prevent farther Socialistic developments, all the more so because other nations have been tempted to imitate the example of Germany. We learn this from the motions brought forward in the French and English Houses of Parliament for legalized State insurance for the working classes.

German Socialists, therefore, are quite right in asserting that they gave Prince Bismarck the first impulse in the direction of his so-called Socialistic legislation.

In 1878 Bismarck set out with the conviction that there was but one remedy against the Social Democrats, namely, suppression by force carried to its extreme limits. He hoped to utterly exterminate them. As a counter-demonstration for the relief of the public conscience, he offered the various stages of the insurance laws;

beginning with insurance against accidents, proceeding to that against sickness, old age, permanent affliction and infirmity, while in the background there loomed a prospective insurance for orphans and widows. How all this was to be carried into effect he neither knew nor cared. He sought out a couple of well-trained officials, and commissioned them to prepare some scheme or other, his primary stipulation being that everything should remain in the hands of the State; for all spontaneity and self-help were repugnant to him as so-called "Manchesterdom." The project was gilt over with the nimbus of the good old Emperor William, who was for the nonce credited with an earnest wish to solve the Socialist problem before his death. As Bismarck well knew that pronounced Liberals would oppose these proposals, he thereby served his purpose of having an opportunity of accusing them of disloyalty to the venerable monarch. Meanwhile the Moderates, or so-called National Liberals who followed him blindly in all things, laid the flattering unction to their souls that this insurance law would soften the hearts of the Social Democrats and convert them into sincerely thankful adherents of the existing order of things. It is needless to say that the reverse was the case. They were enraged at the persecutions, laughed the proffered benefits to scorn, and turned the logical consequences of State Socialism to their own advantage by declaring that it trenched upon the domain of their own principles. They thus gained a triple advantage, while Bismarck's Socialistic policy made three simultaneous mistakes. But it was only the third law of the series, namely, that which provided for the infirm and the aged, which was entirely based on Socialistic lines by stipulating for a monetary contribution by the State. It had to bear the brunt of the Opposition in the Reichstag, and would certainly not have been passed but that in the final division Prince Bismarck threw all his enormous personal influence and authority into the scale in order to force it through the House. Probably he himself entertained the strongest doubts as to the efficacy of this novel measure, and not long since he let

out in a private conversation, that he looked upon it as a mistake; but he had in so many unctuous speeches officially connected his own and the emperor's name with the glorification of this law and of its "practical Christianity" that it seemed to him indispensable to the maintenance of his personal prestige to carry it through. It never was his way to trouble himself about the after-effects of any measures that could be made to subserve his purpose for the time being. Nevertheless he would not have succeeded in obtaining the twenty votes which turned the scale in favor of the bill, but for opportune help from an unexpected quarter. The Roman Catholic party, the so-called Centre, and more especially its leader Windthorst, were altogether opposed to the bill. But the chairman of the committee of twenty-eight members which passed it through the report stage, Windthorst's second in command in the Centre party, namely, Baron von Frankenstein, was a man of aristocratic position and appearance, if of mediocre ability, which, however, he had the tact to hide under a dignified silence or a suggestive reticence.

As president of the committee his *amour propre* was deeply concerned in the success of the bill with which he had identified himself. Possibly, too, he may have sincerely cherished the belief that some great thing would be achieved under his auspices, and he attached the highest importance to obtaining a majority of votes in its favor. His exertions were successful in gaining over twelve Bavarian members for the Centre party, and their votes decided the matter. Had they voted against the bill with their own party groups, it must inevitably have fallen through. It was simply another illustration of the apothegm that small causes produce great effects. And thus the German Empire raised the standard of State Socialism to gratify the self-love of a distinguished nobleman.

From the moment that, on January 1, 1891, the law came into operation, complaints on complaints have been piled up against it thick as leaves in Vallombrosa. And this is only a beginning, for it may

be safely predicted that if it had to be voted for over again in the Reichstag, not forty members would be got together for the occasion. Probably the Social Democrats, who once voted against it, would now be in its favor, because they then could allow themselves the luxury of leaving others to subscribe to its provisions while professing themselves dissatisfied with it. Quite lately they declared in the Reichstag that they would oppose any attempt to rescind this law, and we may readily believe them, for they are the only people who have any reason to be satisfied with it. However, for the present, there is no question of its abolition. Indeed, it would be a difficult task to improve out of existence such a complicated arrangement which has already entered into many thousands of engagements. Not till, in course of time, the difficulties become intolerable and the cost of its maintenance increases beyond all expectation, will a remedy be sought, and then it will be found no easy matter to discover a way out.

One benefit, however, this bill has conferred upon the country, for what with tardy repentance over its acceptance and gloomy forebodings of a leap taken in the dark, or (as a deputy graphically expressed it) a "spring into the brilliantly illumined abyss," there prevails a growing, deep-rooted conviction that it is not well to proceed any farther in this path. Members will fight shy of troubling the Reichstag with any new proposals for a more extensive application of this insurance principle, and we may safely prophesy that if any member made the attempt he would not get a hearing.

Moreover, the departmental forces which carried the bill through for Prince Bismarck, and displayed the utmost dexterity in the task, are now enfeebled and worn out. This pause, which Socialistic legislation thus brought about, cannot fail to be welcome to the Social Democrats, for it leaves them free to bring forward fresh, unappeasable demands such as are their very life and soul. Hence it would not in any way be good policy on their part to hanker after street disturbances, and Herr Liebknecht obviously told the truth the other day when he wrote to the *Paris Figaro* that in the late disturbances at Berlin he and his friends saw only mischief and suspicious instigation on the part of their political opponents. Besides, no one in Berlin itself ever took these disturbances seriously, and it is only in foreign countries, where all popular ex-

cesses recall the image of former Parisian barricade scenes, that they excited any particular attention. But organized street fights and barricades of this description have seen their day. They will probably never again decide the fortunes of governments. This is more especially the case in Germany. With us the danger of any great upheaval is infinitesimal. On the other hand there exists the far greater peril of a gradual deterioration of legislative enactments through the influence of Socialistic views. The crushing out of individual freedom, responsibility, initiative, and enterprise by government machinery, the enormous expansion of the civil service establishment, the lavish expenditure of energy in bureaucratic functions, which is forced upon private individuals even—all this must, in course of time, bring about a retrograde movement in producing activity and in national savings. Add to that, that the sources of production, labor, and capital are being drained at the same time by the very party that is diametrically opposed to Social Democracy.

Ever since Prince Bismarck resolved, late in the seventies, to cancel the alliance made with the middle class in 1867, and to throw himself once more into the camp of the squirearchy, he has systematically followed his favorite object of procuring by legislative means the greatest possible pecuniary advantages for the impoverished great landed proprietors of the north. The true motive of his protective policy of import duties and general taxation, was to burden the masses and the town populations in favor of the landed interest. His efforts were so far successful as to make the territorial nobility (more especially of the north and east) once again the most powerful in the Reichstag, and in the Prussian Diet, where, for various reasons, he had the good fortune to be supported by the Catholic members.

Such a law as the duty on brandy, for instance, which annually distributes forty millions of marks among a number of landed proprietors, whose ranks comprise the wealthiest magnates, is unparalleled in the history of the taxation of any country. Strange to say these tendencies increased rather than diminished after Bismarck's dismissal from office, when the administration of finances fell into the hands of Dr. Miquel, a man whose whole life history may be regarded as the very incarnation of the spirit of liberal civic free-thought. The fiscal legislation which he has introduced into Prussia is a continuation of the system of taxing middle-class

earnings and savings for the relief and exemption of the landed interest, which enjoys an immunity from its fair share in the burdens of the State. The considerable sums which in future, as in the past, will be paid by the towns are to be diverted to the advantage of the greater and lesser fry of landed gentry, to whom, in the higher regions of bureaucracy and the army, the richest berths are secured. The stamp of the young German Empire, which set out originally in the spirit of civil liberty, has been changed in the first decade of its existence into the sign of a military and territorial aristocracy; and between the aristocratic extreme and the growing Socialist propaganda, the *bourgeois* class stands as a frail partition wall, ever more and more circumscribed and harassed in its political extension and in its industry by these two opposing factions. Herr von Benigsen, not long since, in a very remarkable speech in the Reichstag, showed how it was not by acts of violence, but by the destructive process of gradual undermining, that the prosperity and the very existence of the nation was imperilled, and was loud in his lamentations that the free burgher *genus* was rapidly becoming extinct. If any one can be raised above the suspicion of having prejudiced or pessimistic views on these matters, it is this distinguished man, whose only fault is his too great toleration of the existing order of things.

What we have said so far will we hope give the foreigner a tolerably correct idea of the present situation and preserve him from giving credence to the accounts of sensational proceedings relating to the internal affairs of Germany, such as newspaper correspondents are so fond of getting up. An event which has been creating the greatest sensation lately, more in the interior of Germany, perhaps, than abroad, is the stormy and persistent agitation which the introduction of the new School Bill has evoked. It is, indeed, of far greater importance to the internal interests of Germany than the late disturbances in the streets of Berlin, or the speeches of the young emperor. The Prussian nobility and gentry are, in sooth, very matter-of-fact folk, who in practical politics always make a dash for the nearest object of worldly advantage. None can appreciate better than they the possession of power and the power of possession, while the worship of ideal excellence was never one of their weaknesses. But they have always gone hand in hand with the zealous Lutheran clergy and have fought for them

as uncompromising allies. A hard, gloomy, intolerant Protestant Church forms part of the institutions regarded by them as the inalienable appanage of their class.

Bismarck, who took in every point of the compass, and who, among other things, was rather fond of setting up for a good Christian, made great use of these pious, clerical zealots and also of their mundane backers whenever it suited his purpose. At other times he shook them off with his accustomed roughness. On no occasion did he quite give them their head; that would have been too much to expect from him even towards his most devoted partisans.

Things have gone differently under his successor. He is neither so powerful a wire-puller nor so adroit a strategist in the arena of party strife. Count Caprivi said when he took up the reins of government that he would rule with the help of Parliament and therefore must have a majority. The late Dr. Windthorst, who had already come to terms with Prince Bismarck, offered him the basis of the Centre party, the most numerous in the Reichstag, more than a hundred votes, to which a second hundred is always ready to give in its adhesion provided the main point of the first hundred has been gained. Caprivi felt he could very well fall in with such a proposal, as Dr. Windthorst's shrewdness and moderation were a guarantee against any extravagant claims as the price of such support.

In order, however, not to give offence to Protestant Prussia by thus coquetting with the Ultramontanes it was necessary for him to hold out the other hand to the pious Protestants. These two orthodox parties, it is true, secretly detest each other, but they nevertheless understand that on many points their interests are identical rather than antagonistic. *Clericus dericum non decimat*. Accordingly the majority re-established a strong religious reaction in Prussia. But Caprivi, who is an honorable man of the world, and only accepted this basis because it seemed the only practicable one to him at the time, and who is handicapped by conscientious scruples, was anxious, as a first and important step, to place something less fossilized and more characteristic of modern ideas, side by side with this reactionary necessity. He decided, with his eyes open and *de gaieté de cœur*, to make a clean sweep of the wretched, barbarous exclusive system of Bismarck's ultra-protectionism, and as much in the interest of foreign affairs as in that of the welfare

of the nation at home, to return to the system of commercial treaties.

The sacrifices which he required from the protectionists were very slight; probably he considered that such a serious injury to the parties concerned as pronounced free-trade would be too risky. But he entirely set aside the prohibition against the importation of cattle and meat, which, under the pretext of sanitary policy, had played into the hands of the landlords' monopoly. He also mitigated the harsh treatment of Alsace and Lorraine, and allowed the exceptional laws against the Social Democrats to fall into abeyance. He also resolved to withdraw from its unnatural application, as secret service money, the fund of the Hanoverian crown prince. He poured a cold water *douche* of sober criticism on the fanaticism and utter folly of colonizing enthusiasts, but, of course, he could not quite drop the costly plaything, the idolized object of distinguished political *dilettanti*.

But with these early manifestations the inspirations of the good spirit seem to have been exhausted. For some months past the whole personality of the chancellor has faded into the background, and his colleague in the Prussian ministry, Count Zedlitz, minister of public instruction, has filled up the scene as authoritative stage manager of political enterprise. He advances from the pit, leading the Protestant and the Catholic clergy in either hand, and announces the new play, entitled the delivering up of national education into the hands of the parsons. And hey, presto! down comes a regular hailstorm of maledictions and rotten eggs about his devoted head. Not one of the whole company escapes; above all, not the prime minister. Count Caprivi, who in a chivalrous mood insists on shielding his colleague, the minister of public instruction, with his own stalwart form, thinks it all the more his duty to identify himself with him because the rage of the public is so fiercely kindled against him. From that moment, although no one ever doubted his perfect loyalty of intention, Count Caprivi lost the greater part of his popularity. The most significant symptom of this is that his predecessor, Bismarck, who had hitherto never ceased to persecute him with cutting epigrams, now rests on his oars and suddenly remembers that "silence is golden."

Meanwhile the public and the School Bill supply the jeers and gibes. A considerable portion of the public who had regarded Bismarck's retirement with su-

preme indifference, and had favored Caprivi, now wishes him back again. Those, however, who are thoroughly acquainted with him think anything and everything, even the present trouble, better than a return to the former chancellor. The Caprivi administration has lost the greater part of its adherents in consequence of this bill. In non-Prussian Germany the case is worse. Not only the Cabinet, but the whole Prussian Constitution has lost immensely in the sympathy and public estimation of the rest of the empire. It had been no easy task to inspire a feeling of confidence, the slow growth of which was arrested and turned back by the ill-judged action of a moment. It has always been one of the misfortunes of Germany that, in the State whose superior military organization enabled it to consolidate a united empire, the nobility, the military, and the clerical classes have ever been so supercilious and repellent in their demeanor.

It is singular that so cantankerous a historian as Thomas Carlyle was the only foreigner of celebrity who in the present century could get up any enthusiasm for the Prussian Constitution. Since the foundation of the empire the individuality of the Emperor William and of his son Frederick had done much to soften these repellent features of Prussian high political and official circles. As age advanced upon him, the touchingly venerable figure of the first German emperor and his modest and judicious demeanor won the hearts even of his non-Prussian subjects. His son, too, appears to have been an amiable, philanthropic man, who betrayed no offensive consciousness of his own intellectual superiority, however much he might be impressed with a sense of his high mission. The heart-rending story of his sufferings, and of the unworthy persecution by which he was followed to the very brink of the grave, heightened the national admiration for the handsome, mild-eyed warrior.

When his son succeeded him he was to the greater part of his subjects a closed book which could be taken up in a perfectly unprejudiced spirit. It is true people shook their heads when, on returning from his first European tour, he received, with harsh, ungracious words the representatives of his capital, who came to offer him a loyal address — words to which his youthful years lent double dislike. But this unpleasant impression abated after a time. Then came the dismissal of Bismarck, and simultaneously the repeal of

the exceptional laws against the Social Democrats, and the convocation of the International Conference for the Amelioration of the Condition of the Working Classes. Various were the effects of these innovations. The decided Liberals hailed the retirement of Bismarck as an unmixed good for the country. The Ultramontanes, although no longer in open strife with their "old man of the sea," were by no means sorry to get rid of him. On the other hand, the Conservative element among the *bourgeoisie*, which numbers the National Liberals in its first ranks, was inconsolable.

What most displeased them in the new emperor was his uncalled-for interference with the affairs of the working classes, his attitude towards the strike of the Westphalian miners, and finally, his convening of the International Conference. They reproached him with making the workmen intractable and presumptuous. They were enthusiastic admirers of Bismarck, and saw in his retirement on account of the Conference both the cause and effect of a wrong course of action which filled them with inward rage. The aristocratic Conservatives had no prepossession either for or against the emperor. The Prussian nobleman thinks first of all of himself, and then calmly awaits the course of events.

While, however, the industrial protectionists did not disapprove of the return to the system of commercial treaties, the Conservative landed gentry were exasperated by the reduction in the corn duties. Thus the different groups of the Conservative parties were quite unapproachable on the subject of the new government. The Liberals were neither confident nor yet dispirited. The choice of Caprivi, *rebus sic stantibus*, seemed to them a clever device which did honor to the emperor's penetration and knowledge of men.

But the Education Bill has spoilt everything. And it is a difficult question to say in which party are to be found any warm adherents of the new government. In truth, if questioned on the subject, one would be forced to answer in none. For though the Ultramontanes and the orthodox Lutheran clergy are naturally glad enough to turn the favorable opportunity offered them to their own advantage, it is not to be inferred from that account that they are the devoted admirers of the emperor's person.

Such was the situation of affairs when his speech to the Brandenburgers became known. The impression it made was star-

ling. People had been astonished at many of his former speeches, but none had hitherto produced so unfavorable an effect.

It is not asserting too much to say that it pleased no one, and greatly vexed many among the most influential adherents of the government. Foreign countries took a lively part in this agitation. From all sides up to the present moment there comes the pertinent question: "What are we to think of this?" more especially: "What conclusion are we to draw from it for the future?" It is very difficult to make any reply.

Of any ordinary man one might say: "Words are not deeds." But in the case of the sovereign of a powerful State, who has hitherto shown very little inclination to listen to advice, words may mean far more than mere fugitive thoughts, called forth by the inspiration of the moment.

The next perplexing question that presents itself is: "May not this young emperor some fine day unpleasantly surprise the world by deeds just as he has already done by his speeches? And, if so, is it not to be expected that the deeds would follow the same direction as the speech, and be of an extremely autocratic nature?" That is the question, and a very disquieting one, too. And it is well to calm this uneasiness, even at the expense of these speeches and their significance. The young emperor is a product of the times and of the spirit of the age. As is frequently the case, he has been very little worked upon by his immediate *entourage*. He takes neither after his grandfather, for whom he affects such veneration, nor after his father, Frederick the Noble. What has evidently made the greatest impression on him is the cult of the house of Hohenzollern, whereby some historians and, after their example, many millions of Germans have erected their veneration for the Hohenzollern dynasty into an ecstatic and mystic religion—a species of fanaticism which is without a parallel in history.

Never of the Antonines, nor of the Medicis, nor of the Bourbons, nor of the Hapsburgs was it maintained in such dithyrambic strains that every ruler of their house must, by the mere fact of his existence, be a pattern of superhuman perfection lawfully placed on the throne. The sense of its own power which has increased so greatly in Germany, and more especially in Prussia, since the war of 1870, has become personified in the reigning house and in the wearer of the crown.

If we take into account the important part played by State activity in the tendency of its late legislation, and, further, the enormous success which Bismarck obtained, and which the world attributed less to his acknowledged intellectual superiority than to his strong will—a feeling which found utterance in the appellation of the Iron Chancellor; if we sum up the three forces—Hohenzollern, Bismarck, and energy—taken in their widest sense, and if we picture to ourselves a young man brought up in this atmosphere, prematurely called upon to combine (according to *his* view of the matter) in his own person these three attributes, we shall be able to conceive with what claims on himself and on the world the youthful sovereign mounted the throne. He felt an irresistible impulse to be a great monarch and the self-inspired creator of a great epoch. His disposition, no less than the fashion of the time, more especially the military taste which finds expression in the display of dazzling spectacles, tempted him to symbolize his high calling by the most effective stage surroundings. With the impatience of youth he longed to bring about some great event, and was more bent on a striking beginning than on a slow maturity. He accordingly set out on his travels to foreign courts in order to conquer the sympathies of dynasties and nations at a gallop, and to bring under their notice the magnificence of his Majesty. With the same object he convened the International Conference for the solving of social problems, and inaugurated the reform of public instruction, in which he set out with the notion that the strength of the personal impulses that he followed was the very thing whereby to accomplish the difficult tasks of life, and give them the impress of creative force. An inward activity and craving for excitement and movement, the belief that the will is everything, and the wish to show the world by visible manifestations that his view was the right one, impelled him to restless demonstrativeness.

Even the meeting with a dramatic, popular poet like Ernst von Wildenbruch, particularly adapted for the glorification of such ideas, was not without influence on the natural bent of his mind.

The plays which put on the stage the history of the Hohenzollerns in vivid diction, picturesque *ensemble*, and gorgeous scenic effects, afford an inestimable commentary on the whole of this period.

It is in this connection that we must consider the special character of the imperial

speeches if we are to estimate them aright. There reigns throughout them the same imperious longing to shape the course of events and to impress the world by manifestations of schemes which can never be realized in practice. We should be doing the young monarch injustice to take it for granted that the overflowing feeling of his own power and penetration with which his speeches abound, portends acts of violence. Those who know him personally say that in his mode of life and intercourse with those around him he is a jovial, amiable, simple, and genial man. There is not a sign of a gloomy, despotic nature.

It is only when he appears officially before his people that his countenance assumes that aspect of majestic and almost glorified solemnity which the artists have reproduced in his portraits.

What made the astonishing nature of his speeches cause so much uneasiness in the world was the fear lest a hasty word or a hasty action should bring about a European war.

All who venture to give an opinion of his character, have hitherto agreed that William II., with all his love of military power and pomp, is deeply penetrated with the belief that it is an unspeakably holy duty to preserve peace. If this be really the case, we may calmly leave further developments to time.

L. BAMBERGER.

From The Cornhill Magazine.
MY LAST PROPOSAL.

I HAD made other declarations of love, all of them unsuccessful, I was glad to think, and yet here I was at forty—well, let us say between thirty and forty—shivering on the brink of another proposal. I had just come home to my rooms in King's Bench Walk after dining at the Barndores. Of course, I had met little Mrs. Winterton there; of course, I had taken her in to dinner—the world we both lived in was always bringing us together in that sort of way—and equally of course, I was soon dreaming over the fire, of her slim, taut little figure in its dainty black silk setting. I had always liked the name of Kate, I thought; it was homely, comfortable, and yet not commonplace. Yes, it would do very well. Neither had I any narrow-minded aversion to widows. I felt that if Mrs. Winterton, who had tried the holy state of matrimony

once, cared to try it again, it was scarcely for me, who had no experience, to raise objections. I had always regarded Weller the elder as a dull man of blunted sentiments, who somewhat deserved his fate. The exigencies of his profession, too, were not calculated to promote connubial bliss. In legal slang, his case was not on "all fours" with mine, and I knew that Mrs. Winterton and I could easily refute what one may call the Wellerian fallacy, if we wished to do so. But did we wish to? and why should we wish to? These were the questions troubling my mind at this moment.

I was too old to pretend to a mad, despairing passion, Kate was too sensible. But we were both almost alone in the world, and this, I think, had brought us closer together and made us rather like old friends than new acquaintances.

She was bright, witty, cheerful, and — yes, I think she was pretty. She had a nice little fortune, too, people said, but I had charged myself a hundred times with caring for that, and always acquitted myself honorably with cheers in court. I did not lack money; my wants were few, and I could supply them without painful or anxious labor. No; I was in love with Kate Winterton, that was the fact, let me face it bravely.

Lighting a candle, for the shaded lamp was insufficient for my purpose, I rose and looked in the mirror over the mantelpiece. The candle made the worst of things, I thought; it seemed to bring out all the lines in my face, and there certainly were a good many firmly etched on my forehead. But where is the harm in a few lines in a man's face? They give it character. And when I looked at my features, there was no doubt about it, they were clean-cut, shapely — well, I might almost say — handsome. My mother had said it — I was her only child — over and over again, and there are things that one learns from one's parents that are never forgotten in after life. So far I was passing my examination creditably, if not with honors; but when I lifted the candle above my head it shone upon a wider parting than was either necessary or ornamental. Jackson, the hairdresser, used to say with a professional sniff of sympathy, "Ah, sir, them barristers' wigs do bring the 'air off;" but he knew as well as I did that I did not put my wig on twice a year, having indeed no occasion to do so. So I lowered the candle hastily, and then, stepping back a few paces, took a long look at myself, deciding that my moustache fairly can-

celled the parting, and that I felt happier with my figure in the middle distance than I had in the foreground. I have heard people call me modest; others I know said I was dull; one or two — chiefly those whose books I had reviewed — said I was stupid, meaning by that, honest. Well, well, I said to myself, taking a last look in the glass, things might have been worse for a man who is over for — I mean between thirty and forty.

I made up my fire and lit my pipe again. Kate liked tobacco, I thought to myself with a smile, or the thing would never do. Then I began to dream again. Yes, I would propose to Kate. "Propose!" The very word called up a host of memories. I had proposed before this, I began to recollect, and had been rejected. Well, that too might have been worse. I might have been accepted, and then I should never have seen Kate. I shut my eyes and travelled in memory through strange scenes of the past. I was at Lady Haberly's, standing in the large conservatory that leads out of the drawing-room — it must have been at least fifteen years ago — with a tall, bright girl of two-and-twenty. I could see her brown, honest eyes and truthful face framed in ruddy curls floating before me. Had she led me on, dangling about my quiet paths, or had I rushed out of my native element and jumped at her open-mouthed like a silly trout at a well-made West-end fly? Never mind now. I shall never forget her haughty indignation, her superb astonishment; and yet she was only an earl's granddaughter. I don't think I ever had a pedigree, and I know I cut a very poor figure on that occasion in consequence. She married a wealthy American soon afterwards. I wonder what sort of a pedigree *he* had! As for me, I kept a lock of her hair, and wrapped it up in a newspaper cutting two years after her marriage, when she was the heroine of some sad legal proceedings that many will remember. But it was a cruel, ugly way of keeping the foolish relic, and I burnt it long ago, I am glad to say. I saw her at Brighton quite recently. Her eyes were still brown and beautiful, still honest, perhaps, to those who did not know her story. Why should I recall it? I escaped.

Then there was a tiny, plump, sprightly girl I used to meet at Aunt Harcourt's. She was the miller's daughter. It sounds romantic enough, but it was a steam mill, and is long ago turned into a limited liability company. I cannot remember her

name, nor the color of her eyes, but she sang me "Kathleen, Mavourneen," and I leaned on the piano looking into those eyes, though I have no notion to-day what their color was. And we danced together and sang duets. What pathos I could throw into "My plaidie to the angry airt, I'd shelter thee," I used to think she felt it; so did Aunt Harcourt, who was very eager for me to "settle down," as she called it, and was always harping on the miller's daughter, and saying, "Ah, James, what a nice little wife she would make, to be sure!" So one evening when aunt had left us alone, dear, foolish old aunt, and we had looked into the fire a long time in awkward silence—I was very young then—I suggested the "Cauld Blast," for we had only one duet, and indeed very little else in common that I can remember. But our hands met in the search for the music, as hands will meet in this world, and then—Well, well; I recollect it all in accurate detail, except the color of her eyes. And she was a very good, kind little girl, and so sorry to grieve me by saying no, but she loved another. And the other was the curate, and after two or three years' waiting they got married, and they have ten or eleven children now, I fancy. I was heart-broken at the time, I know, but perhaps it was as well as it was.

That was not my first proposal, though, for my heart received a severe fracture at a very early age—when I was about fourteen, I think. A pasty-faced, yellow-haired girl captivated my affections in those early days. She was my schoolmaster's daughter. Ah! *I was* in love then. I wrote her verses. Such verses! teeming with fevered passion and perfect marvels of rhythm and orthography. I even produced a set of Latin verses singing her praises, and these cost me infinite toil, though I remember she did not much care for them. But my suit prospered. I bought her toffee and hardbake—sticky emblems of love, and penned her long epistles burning with romantic devotion, and she ate my toffee and wrote me sweet nothings in return. Betsy, the cook, carried our letters, and the postage was a heavy claim on my pocket-money. But then there was no tick with Betsy, so I denied myself other pleasures, as a lover should do. Indeed, I dedicated myself to my mistress's service in the true spirit of ancient chivalry. I ran races and won them for her sake; I swam the Fylde River in flood for her sake, and imagined I was Leander crossing the Hellespont.

If my memory serves me, you couldn't swim in the Fylde at all unless it was in flood. I even punched my dearest chum, Freddy Patterson's head for her sake, for Freddy had said she was a "pasty-faced little sneak." Thinking it over, my dear old Freddy, you were quite right; she was pasty-faced, and she was a sneak. Something was discovered, and she promptly gave up all my letters and verses to her father, and peached on Betsy. Her father was a dry, unapproachable man, as tough and unsympathetic as a Sanskrit root. He sent for me to his study. I had pictured to myself difficulties in my interview with him, but then it was not to come off for about ten years, and by that time I expected to be in command of a regiment at least, having made my name famous in the mouths of men, for I was going into the army in those days. On entering his study I rapidly prepared an appropriate and dignified address. I can remember rehearsing it in the passage. However, there was no opportunity for me to deliver it. My father-in-law that was to have been gave me a short harangue, in which I remember my verses were designated "impertinent trash," and the remainder of the interview was of an entirely practical nature, in which I played a wholly subsidiary part; and in consequence of her father's conduct on that memorable day I considered my engagement with his daughter at an end.

These old memories and dreams were scattered into thin air by a rap at my outer door. I knew the knock, it was Harold Etheridge's. I saw a good deal of Harold at that time.

"I noticed your light, old fellow, and just dropped in."

"You don't intrude," I said, for I was always pleased to see him in those days. "I've only been dreaming over the fire. Sit down and have a last pipe; I must turn in in half an hour."

Harold sat down opposite to me on the other side of the fireplace. He was ten or maybe fifteen, years younger than I was, and a good-looking, dashing, straightforward man, both in face and manner. There never was such an open-hearted, honest-looking fellow as Harold to all appearance. I had nicknamed him "the Saxon," and the name stuck to him, for it was appropriate. He lived a gay, reckless kind of life, and was always talking of marrying money, or going out to the Cape, as the only alternatives to the Bankruptcy Court; but I believe he was comfortably off. I liked him. I thought him one of

my few friends. I like to remember him as I thought he was, even now, for I believe he was my friend in those days, as far as such a man could be anybody's friend.

I do not know what there is about the small hours of the morning, or whether sympathy is an absolute necessity to a lover, but within five minutes we were talking of Kate Winterton.

"A fine woman? I should think she is," cried Harold enthusiastically; "and a fine fortune, too."

"Bright, witty, good-tempered, and pleasing, if not pretty," I added, continuing my description.

"Why, you might be in love with her, Penrose, to hear you talk."

It was very foolish of me, I know; but lovers *are* foolish, and it was early in the morning, and of course I did not know then that Harold was my rival. Had I suspected it, I think I should have entered a *nolle prosequi* and dropped my suit, leaving him a clear field. After all, it was perhaps only a natural effect of my ailment that I should long to tell some one my secret. The glory of a secret lies in imparting it. Keeping a secret is very poor fun, and I have no secrets at two o'clock in the morning — it is a sympathetic hour. I rose and stood by the fire.

"Harold, old boy, I've something to tell you. I am in love with Kate Winterton!"

The Saxon nearly dropped his pipe. He gave a long whistle and said nothing. I was disappointed; I expected congratulations, pleasant laughter, good wishes — something.

After a moment's silence, he said, with hesitation, "You haven't actually proposed, eh? Have you?"

"No, no! of course not. No one knows but you, and why the devil I told you I don't know," I added testily. His coolness irritated me.

"By George! old fellow, I'm sure I wish you joy. Benedict Redivivus!" He laughed heartily, and shook me by the hand. The Saxon was himself again, and so was I.

"Ah! Harold," I said, "I hardly know whether I shall ever tell her. Let me see, this is Monday night."

"Tuesday morning you mean."

"Yes, yes. I shall not see her until Sunday; I have a week before me yet. Ah, my boy, give me your good wishes on Sunday, 'The better the day —' you know." I shook him by the hand again. He was not very enthusiastic, but he lis-

tened to my garrulous ravings, and that was all that I wanted then. "I feel young again," I continued, "and when I think of her loving face and sweet, grey eyes —"

Gug! gug! gug! It was that confounded lamp; out it went, and put a period to my rhapsody.

"Let us take it as a gentle hint to me, and not as a lover's omen," laughed Harold pleasantly. I groped about, found a candle, and bid him good-night. Then I sought repose and dreamed real dreams, haunted with Kate's bright eyes and silver treble laugh.

I think I have said that I reviewed for the *Slasher* in those days. It was poor stuff, and I had long ceased to be proud of it; but it provided my daily bread, or rather my daily cutlet and pint of claret, and I was at least honest about it. I certainly worked very hard at my learned reviews, and crammed my subjects thoroughly. I was always at work. Etheridge used to say "I worked like the devil, but without his intelligence;" the truth is, they were all a little jealous of my position. For I was the "we" who taught Darwin science, instructed Tennyson in the laws of metre, and patronized George Eliot. It was admitted, too, on all hands that I was excellent at turning out those readable reviews that the public enjoys, and that used to drive weak-minded authors to early graves in my time. Nowadays weak-minded authors are difficult to drive; more's the pity. I was writing something the next evening for Saturday's *Slasher* when Harold came in with a merry smile on his face. I saw no devilry in it then.

"Do you want a subject for one of your real good things?" he asked. "Here is a new volume of poems just out; they are screamingly funny."

"Where did you get them?" I asked.

"I found them in a fellow's rooms and borrowed them for a few days. No one you know," he added hastily.

He handed me a thin volume, daintily got up in a white-and-gold boudoir binding, lettered in scarlet on the cover, "*Sighs from my Heart*," by Sappho."

"Modest young lady, isn't she?" suggested the Saxon quizzically.

"If she is a lady," I replied sententiously, with the air of one who was too old a hand to jump at obvious conclusions.

"Listen to this, then," cried Harold, snatching the book from my hand, and reading with very comic effect a poem addressed "To my Hero," each verse of which ended thus: —

His locks are gold,
His looks are bold,
My Hero!

"Just suits you, Penrose," he said as he finished. "You have red hair and your looks are perfectly brazen."

"Who publishes it?" I said, smiling at his vagaries. "Ah, I see. Well, I'll run through it, and if it is all like that stuff it will come in useful. I've a lot of dull, solemn things here, nothing to make fun of."

"Now do write a good one. Let us have a specimen of your cayenne pepper papers, as Crofts calls them. I shall come in and keep you up to it."

His locks are gold,
His looks are bold,
My Hero!

Etheridge struck an attitude as he recited this, laughed aloud at me in his merry, high-spirited way, and went off, leaving me the volume.

I read the poems, and found them just the weak sort of rubbish I expected, and knocked off a notice of them. I sent down to the publishers to find out why we had not got a copy for the *Slasher*, and was told that it would come in on Friday. I wanted something light for half a page, so I did the ordinary kind of sneering, smart review that the public chuckles over and enjoys. Even as I wrote it I sighed to myself as I often did, for I never grew callous about other people's feelings, and I always blame an author's friends as much as an author for the nonsense he publishes. I shall never forget that review; every wretched word of it is burnt deep into my heart, and when I remember the hundreds of equally cruel, and equally just notices — I must be fair to myself — that I had written, I feel happy to have left the trade to others who have less tender consciences and tougher hearts.

On Sunday morning I rose early. I had not slept well — I do not wish to pretend I had, neither did I eat a good breakfast, but I was awake to the necessity of dressing carefully — particularly carefully — and this I did. I strolled northward towards Park Crescent, where Mrs. Winterton lived; all the good people were coming out of church, and the dinners were coming to meet them out of the bake-houses. It was a clear, frosty morning. Every one seemed cheerful and contented. I had never known London look so bright and happy. As for me, I walked on air, erect, with swinging steps, smiling pleas-

antly at the passers-by, for I did not know what was before me.

Of course Mrs. Winterton was at home to me, just as she had been for the last ten Sundays at this hour. No one was there, and she would be down in a minute. Jane smiled at me as usual, for I was a very regular visitor, and remembered Jane handsomely in my Christmas boxes. I walked through the drawing-room into the boudoir, where I was privileged to enter. She would come there, I knew. A copy of the *Slasher* was lying on the table — cut, too, I noticed. I wondered if she had read my article on "Romola." It was a careful, well-considered thing, I thought. She used often to say she could tell my hand at once. Poor Kate!

I saw, the moment she entered, that something was amiss. Women can hide everything but tears — tell-tale tears. I remember hearing an American girl say she envied a baby its power of crying for an hour or two and turning up fresh at the end of the bout. From a feminine point of view the accomplishment is undoubtedly worth acquiring. We tried to talk, but it was a failure. I dare say I was nervous, but then so was Kate. She was quite *distracted*, and not in the least her own bright self. Instead of our usual frank, open conversation, it was the weather and Disraeli's last good thing. I was determined to break through her reserve. My eye caught the *Slasher* lying open by her side.

"Well, Mrs. Winterton, you have been reading the *Slasher*, I see?"

She darted a keen look at me, and with something of her old fire, but with a trace of bitterness in the laugh that accompanied her answer, she replied, "Oh yes, I have read the *Slasher*."

"Did you look at 'Romola'?"

"No, I only read one thing, a short notice of some poems or something," she said, taking up the paper and looking at it carelessly.

I rose and seated myself on a chair slightly behind her.

"I can show it you," I said; "'Sighs from my Heart.'"

"Did you write that review?" she said, half rising and bending forward to make up the fire.

I could not see her face, or I might have been tempted to tell a lie.

"Yes, I wrote it," I said. "It's smart; don't you think so?"

"It is smart," she replied, after a pause, as though she was reading it over again, — "very smart."

"I'll lend you the book to look at," I continued. "It's the greatest trash you ever read. Awful rubbish."

"Thank you," she answered coldly, still reading the paper, with her face turned from me.

"Such irresistibly comic stuff, that 'To my Hero!' I couldn't help quoting the refrain, —

His locks are gold,
His looks are bold,
My Hero!

Ha! ha!"

My laughter stopped almost in its birth. I was looking over her shoulder on to the paper, when a full round tear fell with a "blob," as we used to say in the nursery, on to the page in front of her. That "blob" went straight to my heart. I caught her hand in mine, I may have gone on my knees, I don't know what I did.

"Mrs. Winterton! Kate!" I cried. "What is it? What is the matter? Tell me! I can't bear to see you unhappy. How can I serve you? I came here to-day to tell you — yes, indeed, to tell you I love you."

She tore her hand away from mine, and was speaking to me from the other side of the room. I was half kneeling by her chair, I think, and rose slowly as she spoke.

"You love me! You! Why, you wrote that!" she cried indignantly, pointing to the wretched review.

I looked at her in surprise. Then it began to dawn upon me as I gazed at her dear little figure quivering with indignation.

"Why, you — do you mean — to say," I stammered out, "that — you — are —"

"You great booby, of course I'm Sappho. What a fool a man is!"

She stamped her little foot impatiently, and was almost laughing through her tears at my stupor and amazement. I had never seen her look prettier.

"But — I never knew," I began feebly. "You never told me."

"Of course I didn't — I should have told you to-day. I only got the first copy on Tuesday, and Mr. Etheridge came in and found me with them, and he likes them."

"Did he tell you so?" I shouted.

"Of course he did, and *you* can say so now, you know. Don't get excited. Please go on. Say they are lovely, and beautiful, and soul-stirring, and all the rest of it. Praise me up. Do. They are works of genius, are not they? Worthy of the great poetess herself."

"No, Kate," I said. "I will be quite honest with you; they are rubbish — great rubbish."

She was not prepared for this, and did not know what to say. Something prompted me to cross the room towards her. She allowed me to take her hand.

"Kate," I continued, "I love you too well to tell you a lie. They are rubbish — dreadful rubbish. I did not know whose they were. If you had shown them to me before, they need never have been reviewed at all, here or anywhere. I love you so well I would not have told you a lie about them — no, not to win you for myself forever. Do you believe that, Kate?"

She had let the miserable paper fall into the fender, and her head was turned from me again. "Yes, I believe you," was all her answer. I gathered the paper up and thrust it into the fire. Turning to her, I took her hand once more, and we both stood over the mantelpiece watching the paper writhing in the flame.

"Etheridge gave me your book," I said.

Her hand tightened involuntarily on mine. She was about to say something angry, but I checked her.

"He, too, loved you," I said, "and all is fair in love and war, they say. Never mind him, what about me? Am I to be forgiven? Can you forget this miserable affair? You are the only friend I have in the world. Is this to part us?"

She said not a word, but gazed into the fire.

"Kate, you heard what I said just now. I have told you I love you. May I come back when all this is past and forgotten and say this to you again?"

The ashes had whitened in the flames and were now burnt into nothingness, and she turned her face up towards mine.

"You may stay and say it now, My Hero," she whispered with a smile, and the least suspicion of a twinkle in her bright eye. And it was thus I made my last proposal.

From The Nineteenth Century.

THE STORY OF GIFFORD AND KEATS.

ONE of the inveterate traditions in English literary history is that which ascribes the premature death of the poet Keats to a savage criticism of his "Endymion" in the *Quarterly Review*. It may be worth while to reinvestigate this old story in the light of our most recent information re-

specting the life and character of Keats, especially that supplied by Mr. Sidney Colvin's edition of Keats's collected letters.

It was Shelley that originated the legend. When Keats died at Rome in February, 1821, Shelley, who had seen something of him personally, though they had never been on terms of close intimacy, was residing at Pisa, about a hundred and fifty miles north from Rome; and it was there that, only a few weeks after he had received the news of the too early decease of his young brother-poet, he gave such generous expression to his feelings over the event by penning and publishing his famous elegy and encomium on Keats entitled "Adonais." In a prose preface prefixed to the elegy there was this paragraph:—

The genius of the lamented person to whose memory I have dedicated these unworthy verses was not less delicate and fragile than it was beautiful; and, where canker-worms abound, what wonder if its young flower was blighted in the blood? The savage criticism on his "Endymion" which appeared in the *Quarterly Review* produced the most violent effect on his susceptible mind; the agitation thus originated ended in a rupture of a blood-vessel in the lungs; a rapid consumption ensued; and the succeeding acknowledgments from more candid critics of the true greatness of his powers were ineffectual to heal the wound thus wantonly inflicted.

The same story pervades the text of the elegy itself, and is embodied particularly in those stanzas in which Shelley exerts all his powers of language in denunciation of the anonymous reviewer in the *Quarterly*—the "nameless worm," he calls him, the "deaf and viperous murderer"—who had been the cause of all the disaster, and predicts for him a future of execration and infamy. The article having been anonymous, Shelley does not venture to name the man he thus denounces; but, as Gifford himself, the redoubted editor of the *Quarterly* from its commencement in 1809 to the year 1824, was universally credited at the time with the authorship of the criticism on "Endymion," there can be no doubt that it was Gifford that Shelley meant. To this day the belief that Gifford was the culprit has never been seriously disturbed. Dr. Smiles, indeed, in the recently published "Memoir and Correspondence of John Murray," speaks of the article as known to have been "written by Mr. Croker," but without producing the precise vouchers required for such a state-

ment. Till that is done, Gifford who is responsible for the article at all events as having procured it and adopted it, must continue to be held responsible for it wholly.

But, if the legend as to the cause of Keats's death originated with Shelley, it was Byron that helped it into immediate circulation. Byron, who was residing at Venice at the time of the publication of Shelley's "Adonais" at Pisa, had seen an early copy of it. "Are you aware," he wrote on the 30th of July, 1821, to his London publisher, Mr. Murray, who was also proprietor of the *Quarterly Review*, "that Shelley has written an elegy on Keats and accuses the *Quarterly* of killing him?" In the same month Byron had versified the piece of gossip, for his own amusement and Mr. Murray's thus:—

Who killed John Keats?

"I," says the *Quarterly*,

So savage and tartarly;

"'Twas one of my feats."

In November, 1821, Byron removed from Venice to Pisa; and it may have been his companionship with Shelley in Pisa that led to that higher and more serious appreciation of Keats's merits all in all which we find him expressing in a manuscript note on the twelfth of that month. In this note he first repeats Shelley's story, and then proceeds:—

I have read the article before and since; and, though it is bitter, I do not think that a man should permit himself to be killed by it. But a young man little dreams what he must inevitably encounter in the course of a life ambitious of public notice. My indignation at Mr. Keats's depreciation of Pope has hardly permitted me to do justice to his own genius, which, *malgré* all the fantastic fopperies of his style, was undoubtedly of great promise. His fragment of "Hyperion" seems actually inspired by the Titans, and is as sublime as Æschylus. He is a loss to our literature.

In these words there seems just a hint that Byron, even while repeating Shelley's story, had begun to have some doubts as to its truth. It was too pungent a story, however, to be altogether given up; and accordingly, in the eleventh canto of "Don Juan," published in the following year, Byron reproduced it in this well-known stanza:—

John Keats, who was killed off by one critique
Just as he really promised something great,
If not intelligible, without Greek
Contrived to talk about the gods of late
Much as they might have been supposed to
speak.

Poor fellow! his was an untoward fate;

'Tis strange the mind, that very fiery particle,
Should let itself be snuffed out by an article.

One would have thought that, during the long tract of seventy years through which this stanza of Byron's has been quoted, and that story of Shelley's to which it lent epigrammatic point has continued more or less current, mere natural curiosity would have induced hundreds of persons to make direct acquaintance with the terrible article charged with such tragic consequences. But people are indolent in such matters; and what Byron's shrewd common sense led him to do in 1821 — viz., read the notorious article for himself, to test its killing power — seems to have been done by very few since. Any one who chooses, however, may now take down from a library shelf Volume XIX. of the *Quarterly Review*, containing the numbers for April and July, 1818, and there see the article on Keats's "Endymion." It is the seventh article in the first of these numbers; which number, however, was not actually out, both Mr. Buxton Forman and Mr. Sidney Colvin inform us, till the last week of September.

The actual article, I am sure, will considerably surprise those who may have judged of it by hearsay. It will surprise, in the first place, by its extreme brevity and slowness. Instead of being an onslaught in thirty pages or so, as one would have expected of an article credited with such crushing and death-dealing effect, it is a wretched little thing of exactly four pages altogether. It cannot have been the bulk of the article, therefore, that overwhelmed Keats; it must have been the killing quality of the matter of the four pages. Let us see.

Reviewers have been sometimes accused [so the article opens] of not reading the works they affected to criticise. On the present occasion we shall anticipate the author's complaint, and honestly confess that we have not read his work. Not that we have been wanting in our duty — far from it; indeed, we have made efforts almost as superhuman as the story appears to be to get through it; but, with the fullest stretch of our perseverance, we are forced to confess that we have not been able to struggle beyond the first of the four Books of which this poetic romance consists. We should extremely lament this want of energy, or whatever it may be, on our parts, were it not for one consolation — namely, that we are no better acquainted with the meaning of the Book through which we have so painfully toiled, than we are with that of the three which we have not looked into.

A few words of qualified praise are then interjected.

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It is not [says the reviewer] that Mr. Keats (if that be his real name, for we almost doubt that any man in his senses would put his real name to such a rhapsody) — it is not, we say, that the author has not powers of language, rays of fancy, and gleams of genius; he has all these; but he is, unhappily, a disciple of the new school of what has somewhere been called Cockney poetry — which may be defined to consist in the most incongruous ideas in the most uncouth language.

Then, after referring sarcastically to Leigh Hunt as the chief of this school, and characterizing the author of "Endymion" as "a copyist of Mr. Hunt," but "more unintelligible, almost as rugged, twice as diffuse, and ten times more tiresome and absurd," the reviewer glances at the story of the poem.

Of the story [he says] we have been able to make out but little; it seems to be mythological, and probably relates to the loves of Diana and Endymion; but of this, as the scope of the work has altogether escaped us, we cannot speak with any degree of certainty, and must therefore content ourselves with giving some instances of its diction and versification.

The rest of the article, accordingly, consists of an attack upon Keats, illustrated by two quotations, for the occult waywardness and capriciousness of his style, the evident dependence of the sequence of his fancies on the mere rhymes that have occurred to him, followed by examples of what the reviewer considers lines of incorrect and limping prosody and by examples of what he regards as untasteful words and phrases. Among the last he quotes "turtles passion their voices," "men-slugs and human serpentry," "honey-feel of bliss," the "multitude upfollowed," "pantingly and close," "a ripply cove," "refreshfully," and others. Save that it is all done rather stupidly and in an ill-natured spirit, the specification here of Keats's chief faults is not very different from that which has been made over and over again, and would be still allowed, by some of Keats's most ardent admirers.

Bitter and ill-natured the whole article certainly was, and such as could not fail to annoy any eager young author, and depress him for a day or two; but surely, as Byron thought, not such as any author with "a stalk of carl-hemp" in him would have permitted himself to be killed by. Scores of very savage articles on new books appear every month nowadays in our newspapers and literary reviews without killing the authors of the books, or

even putting them in misery beyond the first four-and-twenty hours; and the literary savagery of the world in which Keats lived was more reckless and outrageous than anything of the sort known now. Keats had only to look about him to see poets who had been slaughtered over and over again in reviews surviving the slaughter comfortably enough, or even radiantly and smilingly. For fifteen years, as he knew, there had been a systematic series of attacks on Wordsworth by Jeffrey in the *Edinburgh Review* a hundred times more ferocious than this poor four-page article on himself in the *Quarterly*; and yet there was Wordsworth going about in the Lake district of his habitation as hale and serene as ever, climbing mountains and leading otherwise his customary open-air life as heartily as if no Jeffrey existed, and, when he did chance to come to London, welcomed and pressed round in the selectest circle of Keats's own acquaintance there as the greatest English poet of his time, as a sage, a none-such, almost a demigod. So, in varying degrees, with the laureate Southey and others, all of whom had been similarly mauled by the reviewers. Nay—and this is a fact in the history of the case that has been strangely forgotten or overlooked—if Keats could have been killed by a savage review of his "Endymion," he ought to have been dead before this one saw the light. The small article in the *Quarterly*, as we have seen, appeared in the end of September, 1818; but in the preceding month, *i.e.*, in August, 1818, there had appeared a considerably longer, much cleverer, and far more damaging article on Keats and his poetry in *Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine*.

Blackwood was then in the second year of its formidable existence; and it was in its columns that there had been invented that phrase, "The Cockney school of poetry," which we have seen the writer of the *Quarterly* article using so cautiously, and with such an affectation of ignorance as to the place of its origin. In particular, a contributor signing himself "Z" had taken upon him the business of lashing all those London poets and other writers that *Blackwood* chose to class as of the Cockney school. He had begun a series of papers expressly under the title of "The Cockney School of Poetry;" the series had been broken off after the publication of Nos. 1 and 2; but, after an interval, filled up by independent attacks on Hazlitt, and a special invective in the number for May, 1818, entitled "Letter from 'Z' to

Leigh Hunt, King of the Cockneys," it had been resumed in July, 1818. No. 3 of the series then appeared in the form of another onslaught on Leigh Hunt, the tremendous scurrility of which outran all previous bounds. "Our hatred and contempt of Leigh Hunt as a writer" are the opening words; the article is garnished throughout by such epithets as "offending scribbler against the laws of God and man," "his polluted muse," "guilty of falsehood;" and in the last paragraph there is this threat: "Leigh Hunt is delivered into our hands to do with him as we will; our eye shall be upon him, and, unless he amend his ways, to wither and to blast him." In the course of the article, I have observed, a line implying praise of Leigh Hunt's poetry is contemptuously quoted from one of Keats's early sonnets. This was ominous of the fact that Keats's own turn was coming; and the omen was fulfilled in the following month, when there came forth "Cockney School of Poetry, No. 4," entirely devoted to Keats. The article begins with a reference to the extraordinary recent prevalence of the disease of *metromania*, or passion for verse-making, among all ranks and both sexes—the swarming of poetlings and poetasters everywhere.

To witness the disease of any human understanding, however feeble [it then proceeds], is distressing; but the spectacle of an able mind reduced to a state of insanity is, of course, ten times more afflicting. It is with such sorrow as this that we have contemplated the case of Mr. John Keats. This young man appears to have received from nature talents of an excellent, perhaps even of a superior, order—talents which, devoted to the purposes of any useful profession, must have rendered him a respectable, if not an eminent, citizen. His friends, we understand, destined him to the career of medicine, and he was bound apprentice some years ago to a worthy apothecary in town. But all has been undone by a sudden attack of the madady to which we have alluded.

The reviewer then takes up Keats's first small volume of miscellaneous "Poems," published in March, 1817, a year before his "Endymion." About half-a-dozen quotations are made from this volume, with interspersed banter of the young poet under the familiar name of "Mr. John" or "Johnny," and ironical comments on his connection with Leigh Hunt and the rest of the Cockney set, but with no definite criticism beyond what may be implied in such phrases as "this gossamer work," "the following prurient and vulgar lines," and the italicizing for the eye of one or

two of those Cockney rhymes with which Keats sometimes marred his verse. "So much for the opening bud; now for the expanded flower," says the reviewer, then leaving the early volume, and passing to the "Endymion." Here also he is severe, without showing very distinctly why. The chief theme is still the young poet's connection with the abominable Leigh Hunt.

From his prototype Hunt [we are told] John Keats has acquired a sort of vague idea that the Greeks were a most tasteful people, and that no mythology can be so finely adapted for the purposes of poetry as theirs. It is amusing to see what a hand the two Cockneys make of this mythology: the one confesses that he never read the Greek tragedians, and the other knows Homer only from Chapman; and both of them write about Apollo, Pan, Nymphs, Muses, and Mysteries, as might be expected from persons of their education.

The conception of "Endymion" is declared to be utterly un-Grecian.

No man [it is said] whose mind has ever been imbued with the smallest knowledge or feeling of classical poetry or classical history could have stooped to profane and vulgarize every association in the manner which has been adopted by this "son of promise."

The execution is pronounced no better than the conception.

Mr. Keats [says the reviewer] has adopted the loose, nerveless versification and Cockney rhymes of the poet of "Rimini;" but, in fairness to that gentleman, we must add that the defects of the system are tenfold more conspicuous in his disciple's work than in his own. Mr. Hunt is a small poet, but he is a clever man. Mr. Keats is a still smaller poet, and he is only a boy of pretty abilities, which he has done everything in his power to spoil.

Some specimen quotations are then given, with intimation that they must suffice, and that the reviewer has "no patience for going over four books filled with such amorous scenes as these, with subterraneous journeys equally amusing, and submarine processions equally beautiful."

But the climax of contempt is reached in the last paragraph, where the reviewer takes farewell of his victim with these cutting words:—

We venture to make one small prophecy—that his bookseller will not a second time venture *so*, on anything he can write. It is a better and a wiser thing to be a starved apothecary than a starved poet; so back to the shop, Mr. John, back to the plasters, pills, and ointment-boxes, etc. But, for Heaven's sake, young Sangrado, be a little more sparing of extenuatives and soporifics in your practice than you have been in your poetry.

Such was the *Blackwood* article on Keats in August, 1818. It had the priority of the *Quarterly* article by a whole month, or more nearly two months, and was a much heavier and more cruel blow. It is probable, indeed, that the writer of the *Quarterly* article had read the *Blackwood* article, and merely followed suit. And so, as I may repeat, if Keats was capable of being killed by an unfavorable review, he ought to have been dead or dying already before Gifford lifted his clumsy club against him in the *Quarterly*. At the utmost Gifford can have been but the "Second Murderer" in the tragedy, the part of the "First Murderer" having fallen to the truculent "Z" of *Blackwood's Magazine*. Who was this truculent "Z"? Neither has that secret been ever divulged authoritatively; but the natural guess has been that he was either John Wilson, afterwards famous as "Christopher North," or John Gibson Lockhart, afterwards the son-in-law and biographer of Scott. *Blackwood* in those days had no recognized editor, the supreme management being kept by the publisher in his own hands; but Wilson and Lockhart were his two officers-in-chief, the founders of the fame of the magazine, and the contributors, separately or conjointly, of most of those articles of flame and vitriol that spread its early terrors. All the probabilities are that it was Lockhart, the younger of the two—Keats's senior, in fact, but by one year—that wrote the Keats article; and, if so, it is somewhat curious that, of the two attacks of 1818 on Keats, one should have been fathered by Gifford, then editor of the *Quarterly*, and the other and earlier should have been written by the man who was to succeed Gifford in the editorship of the same *Quarterly*.

While the Shelley and Byron legend as to the cause of the death of Keats thus breaks down in its original form, may it not, however, be retained in a modified form? May it not be true that, though the *Quarterly* article was not responsible singly for the death of Keats, that disaster was caused by the effects upon him of the two nearly simultaneous articles of abuse and contempt—the *Blackwood* article stunning him first, and the *Quarterly* article completing the shock? Let us see whether the facts of the case are consistent with that modified hypothesis.

In April, 1818, when "Endymion" was published, Keats was twenty-two years and six months old. "A loose, slack, not well-dressed youth," was Coleridge's curt

recollection of him from one casual encounter; but the accounts that have been left of him by those who knew him intimately, and cherished his memory most fondly after he was gone, are more precise and enthusiastic. Of small stature, but well-built, with an expression of frank courage and eager power in the face, large and lustrous eyes, and hair of a golden brown, he was, they unanimously tell us, one of the most impressive and lovable young fellows ever seen — manly and generous, affectionate and kindly, usually full of frolic, fun, and animal spirits, but subsiding on occasion into the quietly and deeply serious or into a mood of dreamy abstraction; tremulously sensitive also to the beautiful or the noble in every form, and roused always to impetuous wrath by any mention of a mean or dishonorable action. Already for two years he had been a special favorite in that London and Hampstead circle of men of letters and artists — Leigh Hunt the chief of them and the oldest, but the painter Haydon, Charles Cowden Clarke, John Hamilton Reynolds, Charles Wentworth Dilke, Charles Armitage Brown, and Joseph Severn also well remembered, — among whom he had found congenial refuge on abandoning the profession of surgeon-apothecary for which he had been brought up, and for which he had actually qualified himself by some years of apprenticeship and by subsequent attendance in one of the London hospitals. Poetry had become his all-absorbing passion; and, having a small income from his share in a family fund that had been left under trust for the support of himself, two younger brothers, and a sister, he had been able to follow his bent, and devote himself wholly to a literary life. Among the friends amid whom he had been moving the expectation of what he would ultimately be and do had been from the first almost boundless; and it was they that had induced him to publish the little trial-volume of 1817, containing a selection of the small miscellaneous pieces which he had written up to that date. The volume had attracted no public attention at the time, though it is memorable enough now on various grounds, and above all as containing those lines in which the young poet declared his consciousness that it was but a prelude, a mere tuning of the strings, in preparation for something higher and greater: —

O for ten years, that I may overwhelm
Myself in poesy, so I may do the deed
That my own soul has to itself decreed!

The "Endymion" was the first consequence of this ecstatic vow. "A long poem," he had said, "is the test of invention;" and, in spite of the dissuases of Leigh Hunt, he had resolved to put himself to this test, and had chosen the Greek legend of Endymion and the Moon-Goddess for his subject. "It will be a test of *my* invention," he said, "if I can make four thousand lines out of this one bare circumstance and fill them with poetry." Eight months of fitful exertion, partly in seclusion in the Isle of Wight and other retreats in the south of England, but mainly at Hampstead, had produced the four thousand lines; and in April, 1818, as has been said, the poem was out.

At the time of its publication Keats was rusticated in Devonshire; and, though he was back in London in June, it was only to prepare for a long walking-tour in Scotland in company with his friend Charles Brown. Passing through the English Lake district, they were at Carlisle on the 1st of July; and thence, entering Scotland by Dumfriesshire, they zig-zagged for a few days from Dumfries westward into Kirkcudbrightshire and Wigtonshire; after which, and the interruption of a brief run across into Ireland, they recommenced in Ayrshire, and began a toilsome knapsack-tramp which carried them, sometimes in soaking rain, through Glasgow to Lochfyne and Inverary, and so through the west-coast Highlands and the Island of Mull, with visits to Iona, Staffa, and Oban, and past Ben Nevis (which they climbed heroically), to as far north as Inverness. They were at Inverness on the 6th of August, and remained there till the 9th; when a feverish sore throat which Keats had caught in his wet walk through Mull, and which the Inverness doctor whom he consulted thought rather alarming, obliged him to leave Brown to prosecute the journey farther north by himself. Nine days in a Cromarty smack brought Keats to London; where, on the 19th of August, he appeared among his Hampstead friends, as one of them reports, "as brown and shabby as you can imagine, scarcely any shoes left, his jacket all torn at the back, a fur cap, a great plaid, and his knapsack." He might have seen the *Blackwood* attack upon him while he was in Scotland, but does not appear to have heard of it till his return to Hampstead. It was waiting for him there, three weeks after it had been published; and at the end of the following month he had to digest the *Quarterly* attack also.

How did he take them? To all appearance, very quietly. He cannot have liked them, of course, and must have known that they would damage him greatly; but they perturbed him far less than might have been expected. Pride and sound judgment came to his rescue; and, while Leigh Hunt was resenting the indignities he had suffered from *Blackwood* by vehement public retaliation, and Hazlitt was raging over the insults to him in the same magazine, and threatening prosecution for libel, the younger man of genius said little, and seemed rather to be meditating what truth there might be in the criticisms on his "Endymion," and how he might benefit by them. He does mention them once or twice in his letters, and most remarkably in one of the 9th of October, acknowledging receipt of copies of some newspaper articles which friends and admirers of his, indignant at the injustice done him, had published on his behalf.

I cannot [he wrote] but feel indebted to those gentlemen who have taken my part. As for the rest, I begin to get a little acquainted with my own strength and weakness. Praise or blame has but a momentary effect on the man whose love of beauty in the abstract makes him a severe critic on his own works. My own domestic criticism has given me pain without comparison beyond what *Blackwood* or the *Quarterly* could possibly inflict; and also, when I feel I am right, no external praise can give me such a glow as my own solitary re-perception and ratification of what is fine.

This is excellently expressed; and there is no reason to doubt that it represents the real state of his feelings. None of the mad "agitation" here which Shelley imagined; no symptoms as yet of the rupture of a blood-vessel.

Following Keats through the rest of his brief life, we still find no trace of the supposed effects upon him of the brutal treatment of his "Endymion." He had anxieties enough; but they were from quite other causes.

For the first three months after his return from his Scottish tour he was in constant and affectionate attendance on the deathbed of his youngest brother, Tom, in whom, at the age of nineteen, the hereditary family malady of consumption had for some time shown itself fatally. He died on the 1st of December, 1818; and there can be little doubt now that those months of close attendance on his deathbed had aggravated the mischief already done to Keats's own delicate constitution by the overstrained exertions of

his Scottish tour. One seems to see, indeed, that it was by this time, or at this time, and by those two causes combined, that the taint of the hereditary malady which had carried off the one brother had been developed in the other to the point of mortal danger. Henceforth, at all events, we hear at intervals of ominous recurrences in Keats of the "sore throat" he had brought with him from the wet moors of Mull, and become aware that, though he made light of these recurring illnesses to his friends, he diagnosed them and their possible portent more and more despondingly, from time to time, in his own private thoughts.

Meanwhile, suppressing such gloomy prognostications, he was sufficiently busy. Even before "Endymion" was quite off his hands he had begun a new and shorter poem in a different vein; in the course of his Scottish tour he had penned a few scraps of verse, suggested by its incidents; during his attendance on his invalid brother he had sketched, and in part written, his "Hyperion;" and before the middle of 1819—living still at Hampstead, but domesticated now in the same house there with his bosom-friend Brown—he had added to his manuscript stock nearly all his other later poetic pieces of chief value. A good deal of his leisure was occupied with letter-writing. His longest and most important letters were to his surviving brother, George, who had married some time before, and emigrated with his wife to America to establish himself in business. More numerous, but shorter, were those to his only sister, Fanny Keats, a young girl of sixteen, then living not far from him in an outskirt of London, but sufficiently far to prevent his seeing her as often as he would have liked, inasmuch as she was under the guardianship of the family trustee, Mr. Abbey, a London tea-merchant, and that gentleman and his wife were unusually strict in their custody of her. Both sets of letters are of singular autobiographical interest, not only as evidence of the strength of Keats's family affection, but on intellectual and literary grounds. In this latter respect those to his brother George—scribbled off in portions, journal-wise, to be dispatched in collective batches as opportunity offered—are the most valuable. Generally wise and full of shrewd sense, as well as affectionate, they sparkle now and then with outbreaks of Keats's whimsical humor, while there are also passages in them of fine poetic conception, and of subtle and brilliant specu-

lation. In the briefer letters and notes to his sister, written in his seasons of illness or when their chances of meeting were otherwise interfered with, it is the brotherly tenderness that we most admire, his carefulness in sending the young girl little advices for her health and for the useful employment of her time in the rather dull life she was leading; but in them, too, he sometimes strikes a higher note, or exhibits his indomitable playfulness. Here, for example, is an extract from a letter to her dated the 17th of April, 1819:—

Mr. and Mrs. Dilke are coming to dine with us to-day. They will enjoy the country after Westminster. O, there is nothing like fine weather, and health, and books, and a fine country, and a contented mind, and a diligent habit of reading and thinking as an amulet against *ennui*, and, please Heaven! a little claret wine cool out of a cellar a mile deep, with a few or a good many ratafia cakes, a rocky basin to bathe in, a strawberry bed to say your prayers to Flora in, a pad nag to go your ten miles or so, two or three sensible people to chat with, two or three spiteful folks to spar with, two or three odd fishes to laugh at, and two or three numskulls to argue with.

No passage of equal length could be quoted from Keats's letters more characteristic than this; and it represents him, months after his supposed agony over the *Blackwood* and *Quarterly* criticisms, as in no agony at all, but languidly passive as ever in that mood of delight in luxurious nerve sensations of all sorts which had been constitutional in him from the first, and which he has transfused into so much of his poetry. The old Shelley-and-Byron legend, therefore, is still discountenanced by the records. It is further discountenanced, however, by what we are told of a remarkable turn which occurred in the affairs and occupations of Keats about the middle of 1819.

About this time it chanced that the family trustee, Mr. Abbey, who, though an honest man, was cautious and obstinate, and had often been troublesome to deal with, was alarmed by the threat of a lawsuit from an interested relative of the Keates, in connection with his administration of the trust-funds. The consequence was that not only was there a stopping of some advances of money that were wanted by the American brother George for help in his business, but Keats's own finances were brought to a temporary standstill. Obligated thus to bethink himself of some means for his future support, should any future be before him, Keats turned various projects over in his

mind. He thought, among other things, of going to Edinburgh to attend the medical classes there and become a regularly qualified physician. That project,—which would have been the adoption, though after a more considerate fashion, of the advice given him by his *Blackwood* reviewer to return to his gallipots,—was now abandoned; and, following the advice of Brown and other friends, Keats resolved to keep to literature. But why not now take to a more paying form of literature than he had found poetry to be, or at least such poetry as he could produce? The drama promised better results; Brown had already some dramatic experience, and could give him instructions in stage requirements; why not, in conjunction with Brown, write a tragedy, to be acted at Drury Lane Theatre, with Edmund Kean in the principal part? Through the three autumn months of 1819, accordingly, Keats was away from London, first at Shanklin in the Isle of Wight, and then at Winchester, busy over a tragedy on the subject of "Otho the Great," and beginning also an English historical play, to be called "King Stephen."—Brown with him for the greater part of the time, and another friend or two occasionally. Not for a long while had Keats's health been better, or his spirits higher, than during the part of this busy absence which was spent in Winchester. Another idea had then occurred to him, should his dramatic attempts not succeed. Without absolutely giving up poetry, why should he not, on his return to London, betake himself for a subsistence, as so many others were doing, to journalism and contributorship to periodicals? He was sufficiently known to obtain that kind of employment on seeking for it; and Hazlitt could help him to it at once. With this resolution in his mind, and the further resolution that it would be best for his purpose not to keep house any longer with Brown at Hampstead, but to live in lodgings by himself near the newspaper and magazine offices, he was back in London in October, 1819.

Alas, only to break down again most hopelessly! He had not been ten days in a lodging that had been taken for him near the Dilkes at Westminster, when he gave up the experiment as unendurable, and returned to the society of Brown at Hampstead. The attraction thither, as we first learn definitely at this point in his biography, was special and irresistible. In the next house to Brown's at Hampstead lived Mrs. Brawne, a widowed lady of some independent means, with her three chil-

dren, the eldest of whom, Fanny Brawne, nineteen years of age, and described by Mr. Colvin as of the "English hawk-blond type" of beauty, had so fascinated Keats, though at first her style and manners had rather repelled him, that, without the knowledge of any of his friends hitherto, except Brown, he had been engaged to her for the last ten months. The biographers will have it that it was the renewed influence of this love-engagement after his three or four months of absence, the renewed vicinity and sight of Fanny Brawne day after day, acting upon him with the kind of scorching allurements which keeps the moth circling round the flame, that threw him now into the state of wild excitement, alternating with fits of fretful dejection, in which he is found through the winter of 1819-20. Partly they may be right; but the real cause which had evoked this one into such morbid excess of activity was, I believe, nothing else than the suddenly accelerated progress at this time of the disease which was consuming him, — this acceleration bringing with it new physical suffering in the form of a continual burning unrest, and a consequent conviction now, rather than a mere suspicion as occasionally heretofore, that he had not long to live. It is not as if his love for Fanny Brawne was itself his torture; it is as if, feeling the clutches of death upon him, he had fastened with a kind of angry wonder on the fact that to all the other bonds with the living world which had so soon to be snapped the irony of fate had added, too cruelly, this of so futile a love-engagement. Confirmation of this view of the case will be found, I think, in those of Keats's love-letters to Fanny Brawne — they have all been recently published, for nowadays people will publish anything — which he had written to her from Shanklin and Winchester in the immediately preceding months. They do not reveal, as yet at least, anything of that "profound passion" which the biographers have discerned in the relations of Keats to his betrothed; on the contrary, they strike one as coldish, constrained, and artificially gallant; but they contain phrases which do flash out what I conceive to have been the thought secretly preying on Keats all the while. "I have two luxuries to brood over in my walks, your loveliness and the hour of my death: O, that I could have possession of them both at the same minute," he says in one of them, sent from Shanklin; and the words had been significant even then. Now that he was again beside her, there is evidence of a rise in

the fervor of his affection to nearer the pitch of delirium; but this also connects itself, one finds, with the agitation within him of the one central thought of his approaching death, correspondingly raised in intensity as that also had been by the suddenly accelerated ravage of his disease. "I cannot exist without you; I am forgetful of everything but seeing you again; my life seems to stop there; I can see no further; you have absorbed me," he says in one letter just after his return from Winchester; and again, in another: "I shall be able to do nothing; I should like to cast the die for love or death." His thoughts of Fanny Brawne and death together, we can see, had taken the form of a preternatural kind of jealousy. What! in a few months should *he* be in his grave, a kneaded clod, while there should be still a living world overhead, with all its bustling myriads, and *she* should be amongst them, — the beautiful, the wayward, the shallow-hearted, as he half knew her to be, but O, her unsurpassable witchery! — smiling and laughing in carelessness that *he* had ever existed, and maddening others as she had maddened *him*? It is thus that we are to imagine the musings of the poor invalid with himself in that breakdown of his health which had befallen him in October, 1819, and kept him much within doors through the subsequent winter months. There were, indeed, as was the nature of his disease, flickerings of hope and of revived energy, when he would go about again a little, resume his letter-writing, or even set himself to new poetic tasks. To this time belong an attempted recast of his "Hyperion" into a new form, and the beginning of a satirical fairy-poem under the title of "Cap and Bells." In these attempts themselves, however, there seemed to be evidence of decaying powers.

In January, 1820, Keats's brother George was over from America on a brief visit of business; and he had hardly taken his departure again when, late at night on the 3rd of February, Keats, who had been chilled that day by unusual exposure out of doors, was seized, in Brown's presence, by his first attack of hæmorrhage from the lungs. "That is my death-warrant," he said to Brown, after having examined the telltale blood-stain from his mouth. And so it proved, though not immediately. After a week or two of prostration and extreme weakness, he rallied so far as to be able to go out again pretty freely, and even let himself be half persuaded by his medical attendant that he had augured too hastily from the alarming symptom, and

that his malady might not be consumption after all. So things went on for a month or two, his doctor still misconstruing the case so confidently as even to advise his accompanying Brown in another walking-tour in Scotland, to begin in May. Feeling that to be beyond his strength, he contented himself, when the time came, with seeing Brown off by going down the river some way with him in the sailing vessel that was to take him to Scotland, — Brown, who would have thrown his projected walking-tour or anything else to the winds rather than part with Keats had he seen the necessity of remaining, little imagining that this was their final farewell. Meanwhile, the negotiations of Brown with the theatre managers for the production of Keats's tragedy of "Otho the Great," though promising at first, had come to nothing, and the occupation in which he had left Keats in his apparently convalescent state was the comparatively light one of revising and seeing through the press such of his poems, written during the last two years, as appeared suitable for publication. For the completion of this task he had judged it best to remove from Brown's house at Hampstead and the too close vicinity of Fanny Brawne to a lodging in Kentish Town, conveniently near to Leigh Hunt, who was then residing with his family in Mortimer Terrace in that suburb. Here, through part of May and June, he was engaged with his proof sheets, still very recluse and weak, but with the recreation of a drive to Hampstead, or even into town, when the weather permitted. In the last week of June there were two more attacks of hæmorrhage, reducing him so greatly that the Hunts insisted on taking him into their own house to be nursed. He was here, wretched and utterly broken down by his relapse, but trying to underrate its importance in his continued notes and letters to Fanny Brawne, when, early in July, 1820, "the immortal volume," as Mr. Sidney Colvin well calls it, appeared. "Lamia, Isabella, the Eve of St. Agnes, and other Poems. By John Keats, author of 'Endymion,'" was the title of the volume; which included, however, also the "Ode to a Nightingale," the "Ode on a Grecian Urn," the "Ode to Psyche," the stanzas "To Autumn," the fragment of "Hyperion," and some other pieces.

The reception of this, Keats's third literary venture, made amends for that of his "Endymion" nearly two years before. The volume was reviewed with all the cordiality of admiring friendship by Leigh

Hunt; there were other kindly notices of it by the London press; but most important of all was the article in the *Edinburgh Review* which it drew from the dreaded and prim-principled, but really sensitive and generous-hearted Jeffrey. It was published in the number of the *Review* for August, 1820, and is worth some attention now. Jeffrey had doubtless read the attacks on Keats in *Blackwood* and the *Quarterly* two years before, and may have been predisposed by his political antagonism to those rival organs of public opinion to look into the abused poem for himself, and, if he found sufficient reason, employ a few pages of the *Edinburgh* in giving the young man a much-needed "lift." This, and the fact that the result of Jeffrey's examination had not been satisfaction merely, but an enthusiasm of admiration surprising to himself, the tone and language of the article—which goes back upon the "Endymion" before proceeding to the new volume, and indeed professes to be a review of the former volume and the new one together—make abundantly plain.

We had never happened [Jeffrey begins] to see either of these volumes till very lately, and have been exceedingly struck with the genius they display, and the spirit of poetry which breathes through all their extravagance. That imitation of our old writers, and especially of our elder dramatists, to which we cannot help flattering ourselves that we have somewhat contributed, has brought on, as it were, a second spring in our poetry; and few of its blossoms are either more profuse of sweetness or richer in promise than this which is now before us. Mr. Keats, we understand, is still a very young man; and his whole works, indeed, bear evidence enough of the fact. They are full of extravagance and irregularity, rash attempts at originality, interminable wanderings, and excessive obscurity. They manifestly require, therefore, all the indulgence that can be claimed for a first attempt. But we think it no less plain that they deserve it, for they are flushed all over with the rich lights of fancy, and so colored and bestrewn with the flowers of poetry that, even while perplexed and bewildered in their labyrinths, it is impossible to resist the intoxication of their sweetness, or to shut our hearts to the enchantments which they so lavishly present.

Jeffrey then goes on, after the very mechanical method which was usual with him in his reviews—the alternate "beauty and blemish" method, as it may be called—to give his judgment of some of Keats's productions individually. The blame is still plentiful enough, but as if he forced himself to it to keep up appearances; and

the praise splendidly predominates. Thus, of the "Endymion," after specifying all that might be said against it on account of its irrationality, the sensation one has in it of moving through an endless entanglement of woody and flowery intricacies, the dependence of the sense on the rhymes, and what not, and after admitting that "there is no work, accordingly, from which a malicious critic could cull more matter for ridicule," he adds bravely: "But we do not take that to be *our* office, and must beg leave, on the contrary, to say that any one who, on this account, would represent the poem as despicable, must either have no notion of poetry or no regard to truth." Gifford and Lockhart might take that home to themselves, if they chose, he seems to say; but he would even generalize the observation for them. "We are very much inclined, indeed, to add," writes Jeffrey, in what is perhaps the most remarkable sentence in the whole article, — "We are very much inclined to add that we do not know any book which we would sooner employ as a test to ascertain whether any one had in him a native relish for poetry, and a genuine sensibility to its intrinsic charm." Such is Jeffrey's liking for the "Endymion" that he cannot yet leave it, but devotes several pages more to comments on it and quotations from it, so that he has little space remaining for the contents of the new volume. But on these also he is highly appreciative. After hastily noticing the "Lamia," and quoting some stanzas from the "Isabella" to illustrate its "deep pathos," he quotes a portion of the "Ode to a Nightingale" as "equally distinguished for harmony and high poetic feeling," declares that he knew nothing "at once so truly fresh, genuine, and English, and at the same time so full of poetical feeling and Greek elegance and simplicity," as the address "To Autumn," and falls in love most particularly with "The Eve of St. Agnes," finding "glory and charm" in that poem, "gorgeous distinctness," and "a pervading grace and purity that indicate not less clearly the exaltation than the refinement of the author's fancy." The "Hyperion" fragment was beyond Jeffrey's grasp; and, though he acknowledges that there are in it "passages of some force and grandeur," he likes it least of all, and cannot, he says, advise its completion. Altogether, the article, coming from the powerful critic whose persecution of Wordsworth had been so notoriously relentless, was astonishingly encomiastic, and was calculated to rehabilitate at once, as Jeffrey no doubt

intended, the reputation which *Blackwood* and the *Quarterly* had done their best to shatter.

Whether Keats ever saw the article seems uncertain. When it appeared, in August, 1820, he was past caring much for reviews, favorable or unfavorable. He had been growing weaker and weaker every day, and was under medical orders to leave England as soon as possible for a residence in Italy through the coming winter. On the 12th of August, unwilling any longer to tax the hospitality of the Hunts in Kentish Town, he went back to Hampstead — not now into his old quarters there, but, as was natural, to be in the charge of Mrs. Brawne till he should go abroad. The painter Haydon, who visited him once in Mrs. Brawne's house, says he found him there "lying on a white bed, with white quilt and white sheets, the only color visible being the hectic flush of his cheeks." Shelley, on hearing of the probability of his wintering in Italy, had written inviting him warmly to be his guest at Pisa; but, Rome having been thought preferable, the invitation was evaded. His bosom friend, Brown, whom letters sent to Scotland had failed to reach till after some time, hurried back, on receipt of them at last, to be Keats's travelling companion, but arrived too late. The pious office, however, had been undertaken by the young artist, Joseph Severn, whose ardent admiration of Keats led him to throw aside his art-engagements and art-prospects in London, as of no consequence in competition with so sacred a duty. It was on the 18th of September that they embarked in the Thames; a tedious voyage of four weeks brought them to Naples in October; there was some detention there by quarantine and other causes; a renewed invitation received there from Shelley, still urging them to come to Pisa, was again declined; and about the middle of November they were in Rome. The records of Keats's sufferings and of the state of his mind during his journey are inexpressibly painful. He was clinging to life, fighting with death; and Fanny Brawne was continually in his thoughts. "I can bear to die—I cannot bear to leave her," he had written to Brown from Naples on the 1st of November; and the letter ends with these words:—

My dear Brown, for my sake, be her advocate forever. I cannot say a word about Naples; I do not feel at all concerned in the thousand novelties around me. I am afraid to write to her; I should like her to know that I do not forget her. Oh! Brown, I have

coals of fire in my breast; it surprises me that the human heart is capable of containing and bearing so much misery. Was I born for this end? God bless her, and her mother, and my sister, and George, and his wife, and you, and all!

It was little different in Rome. For a while, indeed, he was able to stroll about in the streets near the lodging that had been taken for him by his medical attendant, Dr. Clark, afterwards known as Sir James Clark; and, the opinion of his case by this eminent physician having been more favorable at first than had been expected, his spirits rose considerably, something of his old playfulness returned, and the sights and social incidents of the famous city had some interest for him. From about the 10th of December, however, when hæmorrhage after hæmorrhage removed all hope, and reduced him to the condition of a bedfast and dying invalid, his restlessness and irritability were at times so great as to make Severn's charge of him a most trying task. He lingered on till the 23rd of February, 1821; on which day, a calmer and gentler frame of mind having come at last, he died peacefully in Severn's arms. He was buried three days afterwards in the lonely Protestant cemetery near the pyramid of Cestius, where his ashes still rest, and where visitors now see also the grave of the faithful Severn, whose honored life was protracted fifty-eight years beyond that of the friend with whose memory his name is imperishably associated. Keats at the time of his death was twenty-five years and four months old. It was two years and five months after the article on him in the *Quarterly*; and, knowing not how much Keats had been doing in the interval, and what a succession of incidents affecting him had intervened between the two events, we can judge how little the one can have had to do with the other.

Although, however, the legend as to the cause of the premature death of Keats has thus to be dismissed as an impassioned hallucination of Shelley's, perpetuated by Byron's epigrammatic version of it, those two articles on Keats's "Endymion" on its first appearance — the *Blackwood* article of August, 1818, and the *Quarterly* article of September, 1818 — retain an infamous kind of interest in English literary history, and cannot be allowed to be forgotten. The recollection of them suggests various reflections. They exemplify for us, in the first place, the horrible iniquity, the utter detestability, of the practice of carrying

the rancor of party politics into the business of literary criticism. Almost avowedly, it was because young Keats was a friend of Leigh Hunt, and was supposed to share the political opinions of Hunt and a few other Londoners of prominent political notoriety at the time, that the two periodicals in question made their simultaneous onslaught on "Endymion." They had vowed exterminating war against Hunt and his political associates, and were lying in wait for every new appearance in the field of a straggler from that camp; and what did it matter to them *who* emerged next or in what guise? Keats had emerged — in reality no party politician at all, but in every fibre of his nature a poet and that only — Keats had emerged; and they bludgeoned *him*! It is to be hoped that in the literary criticism of our day there are, and can be, no such outrages; but I would not be too sure. If there is any advice which one might be permitted to give, to young men especially, in connection with the story I have been resuscitating, it is that they should abhor the intrusion of party politics into higher and finer concerns, and make it their endeavor all their lives, in their own minds and conduct, to keep the spirit of party politics within bounds. But the recollection of those two reviews of Keats's "Endymion," especially when we remember also how many other instances there are of the kind, may well prompt a still more extensive reflection. They remind us of the necessary fallibility of literary criticism, even when it may not be vitiated in the manner just specified. In thinking of them and of analogous cases, we are almost driven into the adoption of Goethe's dictum as to the futility and inexpediency of the habit of controversy and fault-finding on any occasion whatsoever.

The end of all opposition is negation [said Goethe] and negation is nothing. If I call *bad* bad, what do I gain? but, if I call *good* bad, I do a great deal of mischief. He who will work aright must never rail, must never trouble himself at all about what is ill done, but always do the best he can himself.

Excellent as this maxim of Goethe's is essentially, I am afraid it cannot be made absolute practically. There always will be, and always must be, criticism in the world; and, though it is perhaps the best function of criticism to discern what is good and proclaim it to be good, especially where a misguided public are calling it bad, it is a proper and useful function also to detect and denounce what is bad, especially when a misguided public are ap-

plauding and running after it as good. The purification of criticism, therefore, rather than its abolition, is what has to be striven for. Now, the first requisite in literary criticism is honesty — *i.e.*, the determination always to say of a book what the critic really thinks and feels about it, and nothing that he does not really think and feel. But mere honesty is not enough. The *Quarterly* reviewer, I believe, was honest enough, after a rough fashion, when he said he could make neither head nor tail of "Endymion;" and, though I am not so sure of Lockhart (if Lockhart *was* the other culprit), and think that in his case condonation requires recollection of the signal importance of his later services to literature, yet Lockhart too may have really felt some of those objections to the poem which he employed for its public derision. Besides honesty, and a general willingness to approach a book sympathetically, rather than with a face already made up to snap and snarl, there is required in certain cases a peculiar pre-established capability, in the form of such a power of sudden self-enlargement, sudden self-relaxation from old prepossessions, as will enable one to appreciate with immediate enthusiasm any superlatively excellent production of a new and uncommon species. This qualification is rare, and we must not be too severe on the want of it. If a Jeffrey, with all his acuteness of perception, all his sensibility to certain kinds of the beautiful, and all his real generosity of temper, was so wrapped up in a set of narrow, inherited prepossessions respecting what he called "the laws of poetry" as to be incapable of receiving the successive productions of Wordsworth's genius otherwise than with discomposure and a rage of protest, how could a rhinoceros like Gifford have been expected to behave when what was hung in front of him for investigation and report was such an unprecedented invention of sheer phantasy and lusciousness as Keats's "Endymion"? But time brings about the due rectifications. "The world is really served only by the *extraordinary*," is another of the aphorisms of the wise Goethe; and the world, in a blind and stumbling way, becomes itself aware of that fact. Every new instance of the nobly or the finely extraordinary in any department insinuates its own influence gradually into the general mind, modifying the previous standard of judgment in that department, and changing the demands and expectations in it for the future. Thus, in the case of Keats, just as in that

of Wordsworth, a conspicuously bundering critical judgment at first has been as conspicuously condemned and reversed. It is Keats's "Hyperion," with his "Eve of St. Agnes," and his other later poems of the volume of 1820, that people now almost unanimously agree to regard as the most perfect and splendid things he has left us; but the much-decried "Endymion" of 1818, with all its admitted faults, now counts enormously also in the reckoning with those who know it best; and the earlier volume of 1817 yields some deathless additions. And so it has happened that, in virtue of those bequests to our poetry, not of large bulk altogether, from four years of too short a life, this youth of exquisitely peculiar genius, on whom the robust Gifford or his deputy trampled so savagely because he could not understand him, has been promoted to a zone in the invisible firmament of the departed immeasurably above that tenanted by the robust Gifford and all his kin, and that now, as Shelley has expressed it in his elegy,

The soul of Adonais, like a star,
Beacons from the abode where the eternal
are.

DAVID MASSON.

From Macmillan's Magazine.
HORACE.*

THERE is a scene in "Silas Marner" which, though not perhaps the fittest introduction in the world to an article on classic poetry, expresses so well the feeling which is often aroused in us by a particular species of criticism, that we must crave the indulgence of our readers for introducing it on the present occasion. Says Ben Winthrop, the wheelwright, to Solomon Macey, the clerk: "Ah, Mr. Macey, you and me are two folks; when I've got a pot of good ale I like to swallow it, and do my inside good, i'stead o' smelling and staring at it to see if I can't find fault wi' the brewing."

It may be thought that if we carried out Mr. Winthrop's principle to the letter we should find it difficult to justify any kind of criticism whatever. But the reader must take note that this rustic philosopher makes it a condition that the ale shall be good. That point must be established

* Horace and the Elegiac Poets; by W. Y. Sellar, M.A., LL.D., late Professor of Humanity in the University of Edinburgh, formerly Fellow of Oriel College. Clarendon Press, Oxford, 1892.

first; and this much being conceded, he was evidently of opinion that further and more minute examination was only waste of breath. We must confess that some such thoughts as these have occasionally passed through our minds when reading reviews of great writers on whom the verdict of mankind has long since been pronounced; on whom the world has looked and seen that they were good; and whose power over our hearts and minds no change of taste can materially affect while literature and civilization last. To point out the beauties and the blemishes of even the greatest poets whose reputation has endured for ages is a work not unworthy of the highest literary faculties, and one that may be performed with advantage for the benefit of each succeeding generation by writers more in harmony with contemporary thought and taste than those of an earlier period. By this kind of criticism both the poet and the reader profit, and it is one of which we ought never to grow tired. But there is another kind of which we must own to have become somewhat intolerant, and that is the inquiry into the originality, the sincerity, the morality, and what not of the bright particular stars which have shone so long in the literary firmament, and whose lustre can never be dimmed by any discoveries which are likely to be made now touching their possession of these qualities. Nobody derives less pleasure from Virgil because he is indebted to Ennius and Theocritus and Apollonius Rhodius, to say nothing of Homer. And even much of the accepted criticism on Homer himself seems to point to the existence of a previous ballad poetry which Homer wove into a whole, not sometimes without visible indication of the process. If the Homeric poems are the work of a single hand, Homer was not the first who sang the wrath of Achilles and the fate of Hector.

Is it not reasonable to suppose that all the great masterpieces of literature have been preceded by imperfect and desultory efforts in the same direction? Greek tragedy and comedy, the Roman epic and the Roman satire, as we know them in their full bloom, had all been preceded by cruder endeavors of which few remains have been preserved. May we not take it for granted that before any kind of literature culminates in that perfect form which perpetuates its existence and in virtue of which it is called classic, it has put forth many previous shoots which never arrived at maturity, destined only to enrich subsequent laborers in the same field who have

naturally and legitimately incorporated in their own more finely wrought works whatever they found worthy of preservation in the ruder composition of their predecessors? By some such process, at all events, the great works of antiquity were built up; and it seems rather late in the day now to be charging their authors with plagiarism, more especially when we remember that English literature is no stranger to the practice, and that its most conspicuous ornament was also the most addicted to it.

These reflections are suggested by a question which has recently been raised again in a quarter where we are accustomed to look for liberal and graceful scholarship, and that is the originality of the poet Horace, who, according to a writer in the *Quarterly Review*, was more deeply indebted to Lucilius than has been generally supposed, or than even Professor Sellar, our greatest authority on the Roman poets of the Republican and Augustan eras, appears to have recognized. This position is supported with much ingenuity, a copious array of evidence, and a considerable display of learning, leaving, however, the impression, though doubtless an incorrect one, that the reviewer had either not read or had forgotten what Professor Sellar himself says upon the subject in the first volume of his work * published nearly thirty years ago. He there covers the whole ground now traversed by the *Quarterly* reviewer, and scarcely misses a single one of the points to which the latter calls attention. In the chapter on Lucilius he gives the earlier Roman satirist full credit for all that the reviewer claims for him. Horace's obligations to him are allowed in full; but he does not attach quite the same importance to them as does the reviewer.

The truth seems to be that whatever Horace may have borrowed in the shape of incident or anecdote, or even suggestion, from those who went before him—a question, as it seems to us, of comparative insignificance—his satire in itself was all his own and peculiar to himself. Persius contrasts him with Lucilius in a well-known passage:—

Secuit Lucilius urbem,
Te Lupe, te Muci, et genuinum fregit in illis.
Omne vafer vitium ridet Flaccus amico
Tangit, et admissus circum præcordia ludit.†

* Roman Poets of the Republic, 1863.

† And yet arch Horace, when he strove to mend,
Probed every foible of his smiling friend,
Played lightly round and round the peccant part,
And won unfelt an entrance to the heart.

Now this is exactly the satire of Addison, with whom Horace has so often been compared. If we take Thackeray's description of Addison in the "Lectures on the Humorists" it may stand *mutatis mutandis* for a description of Horace. Nor is a strong resemblance wanting between Horace and Thackeray himself. A great part of the "Book of Snobs" is compiled quite in the spirit of the Roman satirist—Jenkins the bore, Wiggle the lady-killer, the people who are forever speculating about their neighbors' incomes, the worship of rank and riches, are all essentially Horatian, as well as the Tory foxhunters in "The Freeholder" and the coffee-house politician so deliciously described in No. 403 of "The Spectator." Horace's obligations to Lucilius do not detract in the smallest degree from his title to originality as the founder of that kind of satire which has been most to the taste of modern time. If Lucilius was the father of political satire, Horace was just as certainly the father of social satire. But if we once begin to trace the various rivers of literature to their respective sources we are soon lost among primeval swamps and forests. In the mean time there stands Horace—*teres atque rotundus*—a poet who has delighted twenty centuries, and will delight twenty more if the world lasts so long. Why should we be so curious to know what he is made of? If he has rescued from oblivion portions of the work of writers who would otherwise have perished, we should rather be grateful to him than reproachful. At all events we have got Horace, and we have not got Lucilius. A wise man will take him as he finds him, to do his inside good without asking too many questions about the brewing.

We must remember, too, that both in the satires, epistles, and odes, Horace was doing what we have described in the beginning of this article, imparting form and finish to what had hitherto been rude and desultory. Mark Pattison's introduction to the "Essay on Man" may be read together with Mr. Sellar's new published "Essay on Horace" in illustration of the statement. Mr. Sellar dwells on it repeatedly. "Horace," he says (p. 105), "saw that fervor of feeling and a great spirit which were the gifts of the old writers were not enough to produce immortal works like those produced by the genius of Greece. . . . The work which had to be done in his time could not be done by those powers alone. That work was to find, at last, the mastery of form,

rhythm, and style, the perfection and moderation of workmanship which would secure for the efforts of Roman genius as sure a passport to immortality as had been secured for the masterpieces of Greek literature." In a word, Horace represented and led the literary craving after form which followed an age of lawless and licentious exuberance; these words are Mr. Pattison's who, laying down very justly that form is the condition of all art, describes Pope as the greatest literary artist except Gray which our language has produced. Mr. Sellar, we presume, would say that Horace was the greatest literary artist which the Latin language had produced, not perhaps excepting even Virgil. The admirers of Horace might well be satisfied to rest his claims to distinction on this achievement alone. But we may go further than this. When, after a series of efforts in any one department of literature, vigorous perhaps and even passionate, but raw, harsh, and undisciplined, the man at last appears who takes up the work and succeeds where his predecessors failed, brings symmetry and regularity out of disproportion and disorder, harmony out of discord, and chiselled beauty out of the half-wrought marble, such a man we say is a creator and deserves all the honors of an original writer. If there are any who prefer the rough blocks to the finished palace we would only say to them what Dr. Johnson said, when told by somebody that he preferred Donne's satires to Pope's adaptation, "I cannot help that, sir."

So much then of Horace and Lucilius. Nobody can possibly recognize the obligations of the junior to the senior more fully than Mr. Sellar; but he sees clearly enough that it is no matter of reproach to him. The question of Horace's "sincerity" is closely allied with the above; and here again Mr. Sellar's advocacy is triumphant. That scenes and characters in the satires are not so much direct reproductions of particular incidents or persons as generalizations from what he had witnessed in the varied experience of life may be true enough. He may never have dined with Nasidienus or have met that famous bore in the Via Sacra. He may have taken parts of his descriptions from Lucilius, but Horace we may be sure must have known many such hosts as Nasidienus and must have been present at many similar entertainments. He must have met in his time many such nuisances as the troublesome gentleman from whom he was delivered by Apollo; and moreover in this satire Horace had a special pur-

pose to serve, — to show up the absurdities and falsehoods current in Roman society about Mæcenas's "set," as they are current in all societies about similar exclusive circles. The street Arab in "Sybil" who professed to tell his pal what the "nobs" had for supper was not wider of the mark than the gossips who swarmed at Rome just as they now swarm in London. The bore in Lucilius may have suggested to him a very good way of carrying this purpose into effect. But why linger over this kind of criticism? Did Addison ever see Will Wimble, or that excellent inn-keeper who was three yards in girth and the best Church of England man on the road? Did either Dick Ivy or Lord Potato ever dine with Smollett?

It is sometimes asked whether Horace was sincere in his satire, in his patriotism, in his amatory poems, and in his professed love of nature and the country. As for his satire he was as sincere as a gentleman need be. He had not the *sava indignatio* of Carlyle, or Swift, or Juvenal. How could he have? He could not break butterflies on wheels. But he was as sincere as Addison. In his "Meditations in Westminster Abbey" Addison says that when he meets with the grief of parents on a tombstone his heart melts with compassion. It did not melt very much, Thackeray thought, and we perfectly agree with him. Are we to suppose that Thackeray himself was inspired by any burning wrath when he drew his pen upon the snobs? Horace had probably just as much and just as little real anger in his heart when he laughed at Catus and Tigellinus. He was sincere enough in ridiculing whatever was ridiculous; and in the satires at all events he aimed at nothing more than this. Mr. Sellar thinks that in the epistles we see Horace in the character of a moral teacher. But we should question whether this object stood first with him in the composition of his letters. Horace had a turn for moralizing. We see it everywhere; and the *savoir vivre* and *savoir faire* are what he was specially fond of dwelling upon. He gives excellent advice to young men, and is evidently rather vain of his own knowledge of society, and of the way to succeed in it.

Quo tandem pacto deceat majoribus uti.

This is the burden of his song, and whenever he recurs to it his name is Horatius, and his foot is on his native heath. But of moral philosophy in the stricter sense of the term we do not see that the

epistles contain much. They are letters which a highly cultivated and accomplished man of the world, whose vocation was literature and whose tastes led him towards ethics, might be expected to write to congenial spirits, whether statesmen, lawyers, or men of letters. But his philosophy is the practical philosophy which lies upon the surface, which most men who combine intellectual power with common sense are prepared to follow, and which has little to do with the learning of the schools. Sir George Trevelyan says that his uncle, Lord Macaulay, was fond of pacing the cloisters of Trinity discoursing "The picturesque but somewhat esoteric philosophy, which it pleased him to call by the name of metaphysics." We should say that if we substitute moral philosophy for metaphysics this was what Horace was fond of doing.

Horace's patriotism was also of the common-sense species. If he could not have the Republic he would make the best of the Empire. He was no irreconcilable. He would not waste his life in sighing like Lucan over a fallen cause and a political system which could never be recalled, and which it is not certain that it was desirable to recall. He must have seen that the two great parties into which the Republic was divided, and which in its better days kept the balance between order and liberty, had gradually degenerated into selfish factions with scarcely the semblance of a principle between them. Was it really the part of a patriot to hope for the restoration of senatorial or parliamentary government? Was not an enlightened despotism a good exchange for Marius and Sulla? Whether any such thoughts passed through Horace's mind or not, he accepted the defeat of his own party as an accomplished fact and with considerable equanimity, and was quite ready to pray for Augustus as the saviour of society. The feeling which must have been entertained by many educated and thoughtful Romans, if not by the whole upper and middle class who had gone through a century of revolutions, is expressed in the words of Virgil: —

Di patrii, Indigetes, et Romule Vestaque mater,
Quæ Tuscum Tiberim et Romana Palatia servas,
Hunc saltem everso juvenem succurrere sæclo
Ne prohibete!

That was the end of the whole matter. The first necessity for Rome was the restoration of law, order, and permanent

tranquillity. One hand alone seemed capable of ensuring these blessings, and Horace, and Virgil, and the other leading men of letters at Rome became its willing instruments.

Professor Sellar divides Horace's odes into (1) the national, religious, and ethical odes; (2) the lighter poems in the Greek measure, *ἐρωτικά*, and *συμπотικά*, and (3) the occasional poems of Horace's own life and experience. The national odes express the sentiments referred to in the above paragraph. But Mr. Sellar does not bestow unqualified commendation on them. He thinks that the *dulcedo otii* spoken of by Tacitus carried Horace and other honest Imperialists a little too far. In the second ode of the fourth book he detects the first notes of that servile adulation "which was the bane of the next century." Of course we must all admit that settled order, security for life and property, all the conditions in fact under which alone the ordinary business of civilized communities can be conducted, have sometimes to be purchased at a great price. And so it was at Rome. The defence of those who paid it is that nothing else was possible. The mischief was already done. The Roman aristocracy and the Roman populace between them had made free institutions unworkable. Cicero pinned all his hopes on the equestrian order, much as Sir Robert Peel did afterwards on the middle classes. But it was too late at Rome. Public spirit and political faith were dead, drowned in the sea of blood which the great factions had poured out. There was no help for it. Concurrently with this revolution began the decay of Roman character, and the so-called "adulation" which has been so much complained of by modern writers was only what might have been expected. Moreover, a great part of it was purely formal, and meant no more than the words in the liturgy, "Our most religious and gracious sovereign," while part of it was legitimately based upon an article in the pagan creed which even Tacitus did not entirely reject. It seems to us that Mr. Sellar's use of the word "adulation" is a little inconsistent with what he says elsewhere of the deification of the emperor.

It is in the Odes expressive of national and imperial sentiment, that we seem to find most of real meaning in the religious language of Horace. The analogy between Jove in Heaven and Augustus on Earth is often hinted at; and the ground of this analogy is indicated by the emphatic stress laid on the triumph of Jove over the Giants,

Clari Giganteo triumpho (iii. 1).

It is the supremacy of order in the world of nature and human affairs which the imagination of Horace sees personified in that Jove,

Qui terram inertem, qui mare temperat
Ventosum, et urbes, regnaque tristitia,
Divosque mortalesque turbas
Imperio regit unus æquo (iii. 4).

Augustus is regarded as the minister and vicerent on earth of this supreme power, —

Te minor lætum reget æquus orbem —

and it is on this ground that a divine function is attributed to him.

If it was the popular belief that great heroes and statesmen were admitted to the company of the gods after death, it was a very short step from this belief to the conception of the head of the Roman empire, the ruler of the modern world, as a god designate, and entitled therefore even before death to some kind of worship.

Of Horace's own religious belief he makes no secret. He was at heart a Lucretian. But he looked on the poetical superstitions of the pagan world with the eye of a man of taste; much as many men at the present day may regard the saints and angels of the Romish Church, which bring mankind into such close communion with another world and appeal so powerfully to the imagination. Horace could not have been insensible to the charm. He did not fail, says Mr. Sellar, —

To recognize in the religious forms and beliefs of the past a salutary power to heal some of the evils of the present, and also a material by which his lyrical art could move the deeper sympathies and charm the fancy of his contemporaries. Nor need we suppose the feeling out of which his world of supernatural beings and agencies is recreated altogether insincere. Though the actual course of his life may be regulated in accordance with the negative conclusions of the understanding, the imagination of a poet like Horace and Lucretius is moved to the recognition of some transcendent power and agency, hidden in the world and yet sometimes apparent on the surface, which it associates with some concern for the course of nature and human affairs, and even of individual destiny. It is natural for the poet or artist to embody the suggestion of this mysterious feeling which gives its transcendent quality to his poetry or art, in the forms of traditional belief into which he breathes new life.

Horace might have been conscious of some such feeling as is so beautifully expressed in these well-known lines: —

The intelligible forms of ancient poets,
The fair humanities of old religion,
The power, the beauty, and the majesty,
That had their haunts in dale, or piny mountain,

Or forest by slow stream, or pebbly spring,
Or chasms and watery depths; all these have
vanish'd.

They live no longer in the faith of reason!
But still the heart doth need a language, still
Doth the old instinct bring back the old
names.

And to yon starry world they now are gone,
Spirits or gods, that used to share this earth
With man as with their friend; and to the
lover

Yonder they move, from yonder visible sky
Shoot influence down; and even at this day
'Tis Jupiter that brings whate'er is great,
And Venus who brings everything that's fair.

Along with the apology for the Empire which the literature of the day was called on to supply was the further object of reviving a belief in the old Italian religion and the old Latin deities. How exquisitely Virgil performed his share of the task no scholar requires to be told. But he was less under the influence of Greek ideas than Horace. And there is a reality and "a reverential piety" in his treatment of the subject, which we miss in the lyric poet, who "surrounds the gods and goddesses of Italy with the associations of Greek art in poetry." It was because he found these divinities in his favorite Greek authors that he was willing to people the groves and valleys of Italy with the same order of beings. Mr. Sellar is seen at his best in this part of his subject.

Horace's poetical conscience — if we may use the phrase — held him clear of all blame in writing as he did of the nymphs and the fauns, of Pan and Bacchus. He lived, we may believe, like many other eminent men of letters, two lives. Walking about the streets of Rome, playing at ball, looking on at the jugglers, or dining with Mæcenas, he was the shrewd man of the world, the Epicurean sceptic to whom the creed of his ancestors was foolishness. Far away amid the solitary scenes of nature, other thoughts and other ideas may have taken possession of him. He may have asked himself whether the old mythology was not, after all, something more than a beautiful dream; whether the forces of nature might not sometimes assume the shapes which religion had assigned to them; and whether such a belief was not more soothing to the human spirit than the cold negations of the atheistic philosophy. Then it is that, as he strolls along the Sabine valley or approaches the Bandusian fountain, the *genius loci* casts its spell upon him, and he hears the reed of Faunus piping in the distant hills and catches a glimpse of the Naiad as she rises from the sacred spring.

It is not difficult to believe that Horace may at times have projected himself into the past with sufficient force of imagination to bring himself under the influence of the old faith, and to prevent his recognition of the pagan deities from being open to any charge of insincerity. Or, if we reject this hypothesis, there is nothing discreditable to Horace in supposing that he merely took up the rural traditions where he found them, and used their more picturesque and graceful elements as materials for poetry. He must have known that whatever he wrote in this manner would be read by the light of his avowed scepticism, and that, as nobody could be deceived by it, so nobody would suspect him of hypocrisy. We should prefer to believe, however, that Horace was at times accessible to the reflection that there might be more things in the world than were dreamed of in his philosophy, and that however much he may have disbelieved in the intelligible forms of old religion, he may not have been entirely devoid of some sympathy with the religion of nature.

The amatory and convivial poems of Horace speak for themselves. Nobody ever supposed that in writing of the Lallages, Næaras, and Glyceras, who were asked to the elegant little supper-parties given by the Roman men of wit and pleasure, Horace was using the language of real passion, which he was probably incapable of feeling. But Mr. Sellar scouts the notion that these poems were merely literary studies addressed to imaginary personages. He thinks that some of them, like the scenes and characters in the satires, may be generalized from Horace's experience not to represent individuals. But he believes that many of them were well known to the poet, though his relations with them may have been Platonic. He goes further than this and thinks that the women themselves "were refined and accomplished ladies leading a somewhat independent but quite decorous life." What then made them so difficult of access? Why do we hear so much of the janitors, and the bolts and bars, and the windows? That many of them were educated and refined women and capable of inspiring gentlemen and scholars with the most ardent affection we may learn from Catullus and Tibullus. But there is never any talk of marriage with them. No; it is pretty clear to what class they belonged, and Horace was not the man to break his heart for any dozen such. Women in his eyes were playthings, and no sensible man

ought to give himself a moment's uneasiness about the best of them. For good wine he had a much more sincere respect. He held with Cratinus that no water-drinker could write poetry. He resembles Addison again in both these particulars; in his high opinion of the flask and his low opinion of the sex. But he does not resemble him at all in another characteristic which Mr. Sellar thinks is one of his most strongly marked traits; his love of nature and of country life, "The dream of Roman poets," as Newman says, "from Virgil to Juvenal, and the reward of Roman statesmen from Cincinnatus to Pliny."

How any doubt can have arisen with regard to Horace's sincerity when he writes on these subjects passes our comprehension. A man who only pretends to be a lover of the country never ventures beyond safe generalities. Horace specifies each tree, streamlet, and hill with the touch of one who knew them intimately; he had a Roman's eye for the picturesque, and reproduces it in his verse with an easy accuracy which nothing but long and loving contemplation could have enabled him to attain. He differs from Virgil no doubt to this extent—and it is a very important difference—that while Horace loved the beauties of nature, Virgil loved nature herself. Virgil loved the country like Wordsworth, Horace like Thomson. There is nothing to show that Horace took the same pleasure as Virgil did in natural history, or in contemplating the operations of husbandry. But he never pretends that he does. In the second epode he is not laughing at such tastes; he seems simply to be illustrating the ruling passion exemplified probably in the behavior of some well-known character at Rome, who was perhaps just then the subject of conversation in Horace's set. The sincerest lover of country life would be the first to ridicule this affected enthusiasm. The genuine worshipper of the rural gods would be irritated and disgusted by this desecration of his idol; he would feel his sanctuary polluted and vulgarized by the intrusive admiration of this cockney tradesman thinking it a fine thing to prate about the pleasures of the country and especially about country sports. This no doubt was the offence of which Adolphus had been guilty, and which had been duly reported to Horace by one of his comrades. And the second epode was the consequence. To suppose that it was really meant as a covert satire upon country life seems little short of monstrous. It was exactly the

reverse; it was a satire upon the sham admiration of it, prompted by an outrage on the real.

But whatever difference of opinion may exist with regard to Horace's originality and sincerity little or none is to be found on the question of his style. In his satires and epistles he did for Latin verse composition what Addison did for English prose composition. This is Mr. Sellar's dictum. "It was as great a triumph of art to bend the stately Latin hexameter into a flexible instrument for the use of his *musa pedestris* as to have been the inventor of a prose style equal to that of Addison or Montaigne. The metrical success which Horace obtained in an attempt in which Lucilius absolutely failed is almost as remarkable as that obtained in his lyrical metres." Here then at all events Horace has an indisputable claim to originality. At the same time it must be remembered that Horace had greater difficulties to contend with in bringing down verse than Addison experienced in bringing down prose to the level of "refined and lively conversation." He could not get rid of metrical conditions, and the consequence is that he is more frequently guilty of what Conington calls "the besetting sin of the Augustan poets," that is, excessive condensation, than any one of his contemporaries. Horace was conscious of it himself; *Brevis esse laboro, obscurus fio*. In endeavoring to avoid what Pattison calls the "diffuse prodigality" of an earlier school Horace fell into the opposite extreme, and omitted what was necessary to connect one train of thought with another. This was not the result of any indifference to the thought. The theory, which we have seen advanced, that Horace in his odes was contented with writing something like nonsense verses, and let the meaning take care of itself so long as he was satisfied with the music, is contradicted by the fact that we have just the same condensation and obscurity in the satires and epistles, where Horace was certainly not aiming at perfection of sound or metre. We find also precisely the same fault in Pope, proceeding from the same cause. Take one instance:—

In hearts of Kings or arms of Queens who lay,
How happy those to ruin, these betray.

And scores of such examples might be quoted. The most conspicuous instance of this defect in Horace is briefly referred to by Mr. Sellar, who however offers no explanation of it. It occurs in the "Ode

to Fortune" (*O Diva, gratum quæ regis Antium*, i. 35) Horace, addressing the goddess, says:—

Te Spes et albo rara Fides colit
Velata panno nec comitem abnegat,
Utunque mutata potentes
Veste domos inimica linquit.

Now if Loyalty clings to a falling house when Fortune has deserted it, how can Loyalty be said to follow Fortune? If she accompanies Fortune and deserts those whom the goddess deserts, how can she be called Loyalty? We all know what Horace means, of course. Hope and Loyalty continue to wait on Fortune whether she smiles or frowns; whichever side of her face she turns towards their friends, Hope and Loyalty are constant to them. But the word *linquit* implies that Fortune flies away, and *nec comitem abnegat* that Loyalty goes with her. But there is no other passage in Horace so unmanageable as this; though his meaning is often packed so closely in such a very small parcel that it takes some time to find it out.

Quintilian says that there are some passages in Horace which he would rather not try to explain. But that Horace habitually sacrificed sense to sound is a proposition which can hardly be accepted on the strength only of such passages as we have seen brought forward in support of it. As, however, we do not profess to understand Latin better than Horace did himself, we shall say no more about it. But of the exquisite melody and perfect finish which he imparted to his lyric metres we may perhaps speak with less presumption. Horace's chief claim to the homage of posterity rests on his position as one of the great literary artists of the world. Here he stands alone; nobody else has been able to play upon that instrument; as Munro has well said, the secret of its music was lost with its inventor.

Non bene conveniunt nec in una sede morantur
Majestas et amor,

says Ovid; and these two qualities, so rarely united, Horace has combined in perfection. The Alcaic ode with its combination of strength and beauty is Horace, and Horace is the Alcaic ode. The rise and fall of the metre, culminating in the third line on which the whole stanza seems as it were balanced or supported, and then falling away in the more rapid and dactylic, but less emphatic movement of the fourth, is one of the greatest triumphs of the metrical art which poetry

has produced. The Sapphic is equally his own property, and occasionally equals the Alcaic in the mellowness of its tones; but its general effect is that of liveliness and vivacity, though it sometimes rises to the majestic also; it is to the Alcaic what the fife is to the flute. Horace broke them both as he was laid on the Esquiline Hill beside the bones of his patron, and no man was heir to that matchless gift, the like of which only appears at rare intervals in the history of literature.

Objection has been taken to the designation of Queen Anne's and the early Georgian epoch as the Augustan age of England. But in one respect it is apt enough. What Pope was to the poets of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, that were Horace and Virgil to the poets of the Republic. If in many respects—in the quality of his satire, in his good-nature and moderation—Horace resembled Addison, in his metrical capacity and in his methods also he resembled Pope. Hear Thackeray again. "He [Pope] polished, he refined, he thought; he took thoughts from other works to adorn and complete his own; borrowing an idea or a cadence from another poet as he would a figure or a simile from a flower or a river or any object which struck him in his walk or contemplation of nature." Are we reading of the English or the Roman poet, of the reign of Augustus or the reign of Anne? Is not this Horace himself, the very man?

Another point of resemblance between the two periods is the demand which arose in both for the political support of literature. As Horace and Virgil were called upon to uphold the new government at Rome, so Addison and Steele were called upon to uphold the new government in England. We cannot indeed compare "The Campaign" or "The Freeholder" with the "*Quæ cura Patrum*" or "*Divis orte bonis*," which last reminds us more of Shakespeare's compliment to Queen Elizabeth; but both had their origin in similar political exigencies, and in each case alike the champions of the existing order were liberally rewarded.

But besides the imperishable specimens of literary art which he has left behind him, Horace has other claims on our respect which many readers may think of equal value. A man may be a great poet without being a man of letters, as he may certainly be a man of letters without being a great poet. Horace was both. He was deeply read in all the literature then extant; and next to the woods and the hills

which he loved so well, his daily delight was in his library. The picture which he draws of himself in his country home affords us a delightful glimpse of such literary leisure as is only possible in the golden days of good Haroun Alraschid. Horace goes to bed and gets up when he likes; there is no one to drag him down to the law courts the first thing in the morning, to remind him of any important engagement with his brother scribes, to solicit his interest with Mæcenas, or to tease him about public affairs and the latest news from abroad. He can bury himself in his Greek authors, or ramble through the woody glens which lay at the foot of Mount Ustica, without a thought of business or a feeling that he ought to be otherwise employed. In the evening he returns to his own fireside, to his dinner of beans and bacon and the company of his country neighbors, who were men of education and intelligence, competent to bear their part in the conversation of which he was so fond, concerning the good of life, the value of riches, and the motives of friendship. The entertainment, we may presume, was not always on so very moderate a scale. The dinner-table of Ofellus (Satire ii. 2) was probably more like Horace's when he entertained a friend from town, or a country acquaintance who had dropped in for shelter from the rain. The *olus* and *perna*, corresponding perhaps to our ham and peas, or else the *fabæ Pythagoræ* and the *uncta oluscula lardo* seem to have been standing dishes at the tables of the yeoman and smaller gentry of Horace's time when they were alone and on ordinary days. But on festive occasions a joint of lamb and a roast fowl could be added to it, with a dessert of nuts, grapes, and figs, at which they sat pretty late over their wine. How modern it all seems! Pope had no difficulty in turning the *menu* of Ofellus into a dinner given by himself at Twickenham, with hardly the alteration of a word.

It is difficult to imagine any life more delightful than was led by this accomplished man for nearly thirty years; in easy circumstances, with all that fame could give, admitted to the closest intimacy with the high-born and highly cultivated society which formed the court of Augustus, and which has been equalled only at a few choice epochs of the world's history; free to employ himself as he pleased, to enjoy all the luxuries, and all the intellectual intercourse of a great capital, or to retire, as he chose, to his beautiful rural home and his well-stocked

bookshelves — *ducere sollicitæ jucunda oblivio vitæ*. It is probable that at one time he was something of a sportsman, and varied his researches into what was even then called ancient literature, with the occasional pursuit of stag, hare, or boar. He was unmarried, it is true; but if he lacked the happiness which springs from the affections he probably did not miss it, and he escaped its concomitant anxieties. Yet with everything else to cheer him, with every elegant enjoyment at his command, with no taste ungratified and no ambition disappointed, we still see that Horace was subject to that undefinable melancholy which the sceptical philosophy grafted on to the poetical temperament can hardly fail to engender. In the *linguenda tellus*, and the *æternum exilium* he is not merely converting to poetical uses feelings which are common to mankind in all ages of the world. The same reflection recurs too often to allow of our doubting that it was habitual, and that it colored all his views of life. The frequency of suicide among the ancients had its origin in an intensified form of this despondency. Horace doubtless did not experience it in its severest shape; he was too well fitted by nature for the enjoyment of life and society to give way to any deep or permanent depression. But it forced its way on his mind at intervals, and is a haunting presence in many of his writings when there is no open expression of it. As has been said of great wealth so we may say of such a life as Horace's, that it was calculated to make a deathbed very painful. Modern scepticism for the most part contents itself with asserting that we have no evidence to justify belief in a future state, but each man may think what he likes about the immortality of the soul. Horace was scarcely at liberty to do this. He must have looked on death as annihilation. The question may be asked whether if he had believed in a future state of rewards and punishments, he would have been any the happier. It is a question beyond the scope of this paper. But Newman has a passage in the "Office and Work of Universities" not altogether remote from it, and so singularly applicable to the life of Horace that we cannot do better than close our own remarks with one of the most charming specimens even of Newman's style that can be found: —

Easy circumstances, books, friends, literary connections, the fine arts, presents from abroad, foreign correspondents, handsome appointments, elegant simplicity, gravel walks, lawns, flower-beds, trees, and shrubberies,

summer-houses, strawberry-beds, a green-house, a wall for peaches, *hoc erat in votis*; nothing out of the way, no hot-houses, graperies, pineries — *Persicos odi, puer, apparatus* — no mansions, no parks, no deer, no preserves; these things are not worth the cost, they involve the bother of dependants, they interfere with enjoyment. One or two faithful servants, who last on as the trees do, and cannot change their place; the ancients had slaves, a sort of dumb waiter, and the real article; alas! they are impossible now. We must have no one with claims upon us, or with rights; no incumbrances; no wife and children; they would hurt our dignity. We must have acquaintances within reach, yet not in the way; ready, not troublesome or intrusive. We must have something of name, or of rank, or of ancestry, or of past official life, to raise us from the dead level of mankind, to afford food for the imagination of our neighbors. . . . To a life such as this a man is more attached the longer he lives; and he would be more and more happy in it too, were it not for the *memento* within him, that books and gardens do not make a man immortal; that though they do not leave him, he at least must leave them, all but "the hateful cypresses," and must go where the only book is the book of doom, and the only garden the Paradise of the Just.

From The Nineteenth Century.
CAMP LIFE AND PIG-STICKING IN
MOROCCO.

THE sun was shining down brightly upon us, as we left the hotel that stands outside the walls of white Tangier, and rode along the stony pathway that would take us up to the pig-sticking camp, some sixteen or seventeen miles away.

For fully three weeks past this pig-sticking expedition had been discussed and arranged and re-arranged, while for the last few days it had become a perfectly absorbing topic, to the exclusion of everything else. Who was going? and with what horses? Were Bruzeaud's or Ansaldo's tents to be used? What luggage would be allowed, and what had it best consist of? These and many other small particulars became burning questions, and had been discussed unweariedly, backwards and forwards; indeed, there had been so much indecision that at one moment I foresaw the ghastly possibility of finding myself provided with a double set of tents, and having to pay both Bruzeaud and Ansaldo. But all this had at last been satisfactorily settled; so far as we were concerned, Ansaldo had undertaken us; and we were promised to find our

double tent pitched, and everything in order, on our arrival at the camp.

I was riding Sultan, my own confidential and quite good-looking barb; Violet another; and on a strong mule, which we had been advised to add to our stud, in case of anything befalling our two horses, was perched Mahomed, our Moorish servant, whom I had been told I might find useful in camp life. I do not know that I did find him especially so, but still he certainly brushed our riding-skirts, and removed the mud from our boots. It had been arranged that every one should join the camp at the hour that best suited themselves. So with Violet and myself went the charming Duc de Frias, of the Spanish Legation, and the head and manager of the expedition, who had undertaken to show us the road; M. Bosch, also of the Spanish Legation. Mrs. J——, widow of a well-known African explorer, with a girl she was chaperoning, and two officers of the 60th Rifles stationed at Gibraltar, made up our party.

The stony pathway very soon came to an end, and we were on one of the usual roads in Morocco, merely a broad track of mud, or, where not mud, a track of deep, heavy earth, going up and down across the open country; now over a hill, now along a ravine, now across a stream, now over a plain; no trees anywhere to be seen, but here and there on the hillside, a brown village, with its blue-green hedge of prickly pears and aloes, its dogs that barked loudly as we passed, and strange-looking figures sitting and lying about, draped in dirty white garments or in brown hooded cloaks. Every now and then we meet a few loaded mules, or some solemn-looking camels, always with the inevitable bare-legged Arab in his brown hooded cloak or dull white draperies. The young green corn was springing up all over the country, and quantities of magnificent purple iris, striped with orange, gave a delightful bit of color.

But the horses wearily pulled their feet out of the heavy ground, and both riders and horses were slowly picking their way, striving to choose those parts of the track where sticking fast seemed less probable. Scarcely ever was there the chance of a trot, and the sun beat down hot and glaring over the treeless country. All this pointed to luncheon, and at a nice green spot we joyfully dismounted; the mule with the luncheon was called up, and we established ourselves for a delightful rest of an hour. When we started again, the character of the country began to change,

and became more varied. We passed occasionally through straggling cork woods, and came on large lakes, along the shores of which we cantered gaily, till we came in sight of the sea; no longer the Mediterranean with the Spanish coast clearly in sight—we had left all that behind at Tangier; this was the open Atlantic, looking now calm and smooth enough. The sun was getting lower and lower—it was certainly a long ride to Isawara, and our camp. At last we came in sight of a hill crowned with tiny brown native houses and the inevitable prickly pear, over the brow of which we were told we should find our camp, and we rode in among its little white tents, just as the sun was setting.

There must have been sixteen or seventeen tents of varying shapes and sizes, and there was a perfect labyrinth of tent-ropes and tent-pegs; all traps for the unwary, who, in a hurried moment, might wish to strike out a short cut to any particular tent; trouble was sure to follow—especially after dark. In the middle was the dining-tent for Ansaldo's party, which was much too small for the number who had to dine in it—much grumbling ensued in consequence. Several of the old stagers at pig-sticking had brought their own tents; some of these messed with Ansaldo, while others had brought their own cooking arrangements. Violet and I were enchanted with our little tent, which had a double covering and wings, so as to be waterproof. We had heard such tales of tiny tents that you could barely stand upright in, that ours seemed, in comparison, quite a vast and well-furnished apartment. Two little trestle beds, a bright colored rug on the ground between them, a table at the head with a candle lamp, bright-colored Moorish blankets on the beds; at the foot of one bed, our portmanteau; at the foot of the other, our carpet bag; outside a rickety stand, with a waterproof bag as basin, made up our tent furniture. That stand with waterproof bag I cannot call a success; it had a habit of collapsing on no sort of pretext, and deluging the place with water; after it had done this twice, we bore the thing a bitter and permanent hatred. When we had done a little unpacking we went out into the camp again. There was a lovely crescent moon and the stars were coming out fast; a few lanterns were lit here and there. We wandered about paying visits to the other tents, watching the fresh arrivals, seeing that our horses were properly looked after, pitying them for being hobbled—pitying

them more, probably, than they pitied themselves, as they took to it very quietly and as to the manner born; no doubt it reminded them of olden days before they belonged to these fair-skinned people from the north.

Then at seven o'clock came dinner, fifteen of us sitting down at a long table in the narrow dining-tent; a polyglot assemblage of hungry people: America, England, France, Spain, Austria, and Switzerland all represented. There were the Duc de Frias and M. Bosch, of the Spanish Legation; M. Seigné, of the French; Baron Pereira, of the Austrian; two American ladies, a Swiss baron and two ladies, and six English people; truly they made the veriest Babel! After dinner we gathered round the big camp fire and were joined by those from the other tents, making up our numbers to twenty-four, twelve being ladies! Every now and then the flames burst out afresh with a blaze and a roar; the ladies sat around toasting themselves, the men came and went with cups of coffee in the glow, every one talking and arranging for the next day; and there were wonderful tales of former hunts, of charging boars, of wounded men or horses, and of hair-breadth escapes. By degrees the company round the fire grew fewer and fewer; one by one they said good-night, and disappeared out of the firelight into the darkness; lanterns were moving about the camp, the tents were lighting up; and we, too, judged it best to remember our early rise and to try how we liked our tent beds. With the lamp lighted, our tent looked almost cosy; it felt rather like a cabin on board ship, only with no terrible screw thumping away incessantly and with no dread of waking to find a rough sea on. Among other evils we had been warned of, was the cold in a tent, but I cannot say we suffered from it; perhaps we were too well provided with rugs, or perhaps it was our hot-water bottles, which were simply invaluable. So we crept into our narrow little beds, really not at all bad ones, and lay comfortably talking to each other and listening to the wind in the trees, to the distant sea, and to all the unaccustomed noises of the camp. By degrees silence fell more and more; only the dogs kept up their snarling and barking, and the curious guttural talk of the Moors seemed never to cease. It was all very odd and weird, and there was a delightful feeling of airiness without being cold; presently our remarks grew fewer and fewer, and soon we too were asleep.

At 6.30 we woke with a start, a dim light was in the tent, and a voice outside asked if we were awake, and promised to send us hot water. Dressing in a narrow space with none of one's usual comforts is never an exhilarating process, and I don't know that it was pleasanter in our tent than elsewhere; still we got through with it, and were ready for breakfast at a quarter to eight, while the start for pig-sticking was to be at 8.30. Then came the preparations and stir at starting, every one looking to their girths and saddles, the men hunting for their spears, the ladies looking for chairs or big stones to mount by; and then in good time we were off. The ladies, and three of the men not hunting that day, were stationed near the top of a hill, overlooking the ground to be beaten; five hunters went with the beaters, and four (in case the boars broke back) were placed in pairs at the foot of the hill on which we were. We could see the whole hunt beautifully. We had dismounted, and our horses were led round the hill out of sight, and we ourselves were told to hide away among the bushes as much as possible. We could see the long line of beaters forcing their way through the bushes, and could hear their wild cries; every now and then there was a puff of smoke, followed by a sharp report—this meant that a pig had been sighted; but no pig broke back, so that our four hunters stationed below perforce remained as idle as ourselves. At last a pig did break cover. A black object came out of the wood and adventured itself on the sandy swamp below; great excitement among us on the brow of the hill, especially as the hunters below evidently did not see the animal. But the pig did not appear to like the look of the swamp, as presently it turned itself round and toddled gently back into the wood.

Another long wait; the clouds were gathering and over the sea it looked terribly disagreeable and threatening. But now, again, a black object appeared below, and this time it kept steadily on across the sand, evidently making for our hills; this time, too, the horsemen below saw it, and prepared themselves to give chase; two of them getting lower down, ready to start across the sand, when the boar should be near enough for them to show themselves. Steadily the boar came on and was now half-way across; then the two horsemen, lance in hand, spurred on to meet it as fast as might be across the sand; the animal saw them and turned—it was a race now as to which should reach

the wood first; the sand seemed heavy and the horses labored, but they gained on the pig. Now one was up with it and the pig turned; the second horse reared and plunged—it would not face the beast; and then, for a few minutes, there was a wild skurrying backwards and forwards; the pig charging at the horses, and the horses backing and plunging, and then again pursuing. And then presently it was all over, and a black object lay still on the sands; and the rain that had been threatening for the last hour came down in perfect sheets. There was nothing for it but to get back to the camp; there would assuredly be no more pig-sticking that day unless the weather changed. The horses were brought up, mackintoshes and umbrellas produced, and a bedraggled and damp company started back for the tents. To speak of personal experience, my mackintosh was a delusion; it was of a shape invented by myself for the occasion, by way of keeping my skirt dry, and it entirely declined to do anything of the kind. The flap intended for that purpose waved gaily in the wind, leaving my skirt to get drenched through and through, while it undertook to blow about and scare my horse with its playful vagaries. I was reduced to holding it quiet with one hand, which was also struggling with an umbrella, while with the other I tried to guide my horse over the rough, stony ground and through the bushes and undergrowth—altogether sadly uncomfortable and inconvenient. What with wind, rain, umbrella, mackintosh, and wet reins, I was heartily glad when I bumped slowly at a heavy trot into the camp.

And now the next few hours, I must allow, had their drawbacks. It rained hard and steadily, only occasionally varying the monotony by coming down in a solid sheet; the camp became a swamp, and the move from one tent to another anything but pleasant. We gathered together in the dining-tent, and had luncheon. By degrees the other men arrived, who had been in the detachment with the beaters; they, too, wanted luncheon, and we heard how two pigs had been killed by them, and who had got the first spear, and who the second; and from that we got to other pig-sticking expeditions, and then to other subjects, and so the afternoon wore on. And towards sunset the sky cleared up in a half-hearted kind of way; glimpses of sunshine, and a rainbow, and a golden, though watery-looking, sunset. Then we paddled out to look after the horses; fed them with bread and sugar, got the Moors

to wipe the wet from their heads and ears; unhobbled my dear Sultan and had him led off for a walk. Then we looked in on our neighbors; heard into whose tents the rain had made its way; found a fire on which cooking was going on, and rushed off to fetch some of the wettest and most essential of our wet garments, to see if we could dry them. And so the sunset faded away and night came on, with all the usual difficulties of avoiding ropes and pegs, to which were now added mud and puddles. Then there was dinner, and, joy of joys, the rain still kept off, and we were able to have our camp fire and rejoice in a thorough toast; it seemed to me I had never really enjoyed a fire before. All through that night we could hear, at intervals, heavy showers of rain beating down on our tent, and felt sadly anxious about the weather for next day; but at 6.30, when the camp began to bestir itself, although the day looked doubtful, no rain was falling; and by breakfast time we began to hope the weather would hold up. It looked still so unsettled, though, that six of the ladies and several men decided to return to Tangier; the rest of us made up our minds to stay another night.

By nine o'clock, when we were all in the saddle ready for the start, the day had cleared up and the sun was out. I and another woman and two men were sent with the beaters, while the others cantered on to take up positions ahead, where it was supposed likely that the pigs would break over. Down the hill, therefore, I rode with the motley assemblage of Arabs and dogs, till we came to a strip of shrubs growing in detached clumps (rather like rhododendrons) along the seashore; here we found more beaters waiting with their dogs, and the sheik mounted on a ragged-looking mule. And now came the oddest sight I had yet seen in this queer land of surprises. The Arabs gathered together in a semicircle with their dogs at their feet, and the sheik rode forward to address them. With much gesture, and in a loud, clear voice, he prayed in his strange, guttural language that Allah would bless the sultan, and all the men piously touched their fingers together and cried Amen; then that he would give them fine weather and good crops, and again they cried Amen; that he would bless their sport and give them many pigs—and again Amen—and then he exhorted them to beat well, and not to quarrel, but to be peaceable and friendly, and that Allah then would bless them, and their crops, and their families, and their sport, and all

would be well; and he bade them depart and begin. And once more they all cried Amen; and the dogs sprang to their feet, the men gathered up guns and sticks, and we were all ready for the fray.

The Arabs kept a very good line, shouting all the time their strange, quavering Arab cry, encouraging the dogs, adjuring the pigs—we on horseback following as well as the stones and bushes would allow; but no pigs showed themselves. Everywhere we came upon traces of the pigs having recently turned up the ground in search of roots—but there it ended. All the morning it was the same thing—the day was beautiful, the ride delightful, but no pigs. By luncheon time only one pig had been found; it was very disheartening.

After luncheon we started afresh, still with the same result; and I began to think the pig must have become a very rare animal. We had now gone over a good deal of ground; it was three o'clock, and we had reached a cork wood with thinly scattered trees, many low shrubs, and a quantity of something like our broom in glorious flower. Suddenly one of the beaters fired his gun—he had seen a pig! Then another and another fired; it was going along the line; it was breaking back! Away past me through the bushes spurred the Duc de Frias, shouting to me to follow. Other horsemen, spears in hand, dashed past; the Arabs yelled, the dogs gave tongue; it was a wild skurry, every one choosing that path through the bushes that seemed best and safest; Sultan, to my utter dismay, now clearing a bush, now skipping a bit of morass, very much guiding himself at his own sweet will, and quite determined not to be out of it. Then presently the sounds died away; and shortly, one by one, the hunters returned; the pig had been lost, had got into some bog or impenetrable bush, and we were all to rejoin the beaters as fast as we could. I turned my horse and, rather breathless from my unaccustomed exertions, trotted quietly after the others, meditative about many things, and settling that I would now quietly stick with the beaters, and have no more wild gallops. But before I had reached that would-be haven, there was again the report of a gun and wild yells from the Arabs, and then, straight through the bushes, about twenty yards ahead, on the rising ground in front, came bursting a huge, unwieldy, black thing, jumping from tussock to tussock, looking to me more the size of a cow (I should like to

say an elephant!) than a pig. By its side, striving to keep up with it, with his lance ready to strike, rode Colonel Hibbert, close by him raced the duc, and all bearing down straight on me. Every story I had heard of boars attacking and ripping up any and everybody that came in their way rushed into my head, mingled with English traditions of heading the fox; I pressed my spur hard against Sultan's side, and inwardly breathed a prayer that a gracious Providence would for this once grant that Sultan should obey the rein. I rather think that Sultan himself was terrified; we swerved; past us shot the boar and the two hunters; we turned and followed; others came galloping up. Again a wild skurry and hunt, more prolonged this time as the pig did *not* get away. Colonel Hibbert got the first spear, and the Duc de Frias the second; or was it the duc who got the first?—this I did not clearly make out, as some said one and some the other. But it did not matter much to the pig, who lay dead far on in the wood; while the hunters galloped back to rejoin the outpaced ladies, and to catch up once more with the beaters.

That wood was alive with pigs. Thirteen of them did we start in those two hours we were hunting in it, though only five were killed; and as we all collected together again, to make the best of our way with tired horses to the far-distant camp, we all agreed that we had had a most successful hunt. And as I stumbled up the last hill in the dark, it was delightful to think how soon I should be able to take my wearied self off my equally weary horse.

That was our last evening in the camp. Once more after dinner we sat round the camp fire, now a reduced party—so many had left in the morning. Of course we talked over the day's adventures, till, as the ready-cut branches began to fail and the fire to die down, we went off early to our tent, and, very tired, crept into our narrow beds, and so went quickly to sleep with the sounds of camp life still stirring round us. In the night I woke up. A heavy shower was rattling down on the canvas, two dogs were snarling at each other just outside the tent, and the Arabs were chattering as usual; but I felt a delicious indifference to it all, and quickly dropped off to sleep again. In the morning it was pleasant to feel that there was no occasion for a great scramble in dressing, as there was no hunting start at 8.30. The pig-sticking was to go on for two more days, but this was to be an off-day to rest

both beaters and horses; the sky looked very threatening, and we couldn't help feeling that a house over our heads might have its attractions. Everybody had been most kind and attentive and nice. Our two captains from Gibraltar had been unwearied in their care of us, hammering in our tent-pegs, looking to our tent-ropes, lending us their shooting-boots (such *boats* as they were, but so delightfully dry as they kept us), their rugs, their waterproofs. The weather had been against us, but we had gained an experience; had seen pretty well both the pleasant and unpleasant sides of camping out, and had had a most successful hunt. We had enjoyed the open-air life and the gallops over the wild country; had revelled in the sun when it shone, and had discovered it was best to see the humor of the thing when, on the contrary, everything was damp or soaking. And so at eleven o'clock that morning our little caravan of horses and mules set out once more across country under the charge of M. Bosch, and late that afternoon we had returned to civilization, or at least such civilization as may be found at Bruzeaud's Hotel, just outside the walls of white Tangier, in Morocco.

HENRIETTA GREY EGERTON.

From The New Review.

LETTERS OF CARLYLE TO VARNHAGEN VON ENSE.

THE letters here published for the first time do not require more than a few introductory words. As testimonies of Carlyle's mind and genius, they speak for themselves.

The originals have been found among the manuscript treasures of the Royal Library at Berlin, where the whole literary inheritance of Varnhagen has been deposited since his death in the year 1858. Of his own letters Varnhagen, usually so careful in such matters, had taken no copies; and it is doubtful whether it be possible to find the originals, or whether they exist at all.

It was a happy idea of Varnhagen to send, in the year 1837, the first four volumes of his collection entitled "*Denkwürdigkeiten meines Lebens*" to Carlyle. It seems that he wished to have them reviewed in England. At least Carlyle devoted to the "*Denkwürdigkeiten*," as well as to the former writings of Varnhagen relating to his wife Rahel, a long article in the *London and Westminster*

Review (1838). Subsequently the connection became important for both these men. After the death of Goethe Carlyle's personal relations to Germany were almost confined to occasional and withal rare meetings with Germans living in London. He received, from time to time, letters and messages from Germany, but they were, as he wrote to Emerson, of no great moment. When the message of Varnhagen came, the "History of the French Revolution" was about to be published, and the trouble of supervising the press, as well as the preparation of his lectures on German literature, may have retarded the answer to Varnhagen's letter. But at length he wrote; and thus the apostle of German genius and German literature in England entered into direct communication again with a German writer, and with that writer who was in the very centre of the literary life in Germany at that time. Thence a continuous correspondence arose, which was maintained by occasional messages from both sides. Varnhagen sent to Carlyle the later volumes of his "Denkwürdigkeiten" and other German books the latter was in need of; Carlyle sent to Varnhagen his writings and autographs of English authors and public men, for autographs became more and more the great passion of Varnhagen. On two occasions the two men met each other in the course of years: first in 1852, and again in 1858, not long before the death of Varnhagen, both times at Berlin, whither the historian of Frederick the Great was led by the wish to see the residence of his hero with his own eyes.

Hearty thanks are due to Mr. James Anthony Froude, the friend and literary executor of Carlyle, for his kind readiness in authorizing the publication of these letters.

5 Cheyne Row, Chelsea, London:
December 31, 1837.

MY DEAR SIR, — Will you accept, after too long delay, my hearty thanks for your kind and estimable gift, which, a good many weeks ago, on returning hither out of Scotland, I found awaiting me here? The name Varnhagen von Ense was long since honorably known to me; in the book "Rahel's Gallery," as in a clear mirror, I had got a glimpse of the man himself and the world he lived in; and now, behold! the mirror-image, grown a reality, has come towards me, holding out a friendly right hand in the name of the ever dear to both of us! Right heartily I grasp that

kind hand, and say again and again, "Be welcome, with thanks."

If it were suitable or possible to explain amid what complexity of difficulties, engagements, sicknesses, I struggle to toil along here, my slowness in answering would not seem inexcusable to you. I wished to read the book first. A book unread is still but the *offer* of a gift; I needed first to take it into me, and then tell you with proper emphasis that it had in very truth become mine. Not till these late days was the leisure and the mood for such an enjoyment granted me. The two volumes of "Denkwürdigkeiten" remained like a little kindly inn, where, after long solitary wandering in bad weather, I should find repose and friends. Once more I say to you, and now with proper significance, Many thanks.

Insight, liveliness, originality, the hardy adroit spirit of a man who has seen and suffered and done, in all things acquitting himself like a man, shines out on me, in graceful coherence, light, sharp, decisive, from all parts of this as of your other books. It is a great, and to me a most rare, pleasure in these times to find that I agree wholly on all important matters with a writer; that in many highest cases his words are precisely such as I should wish to hear spoken. But, indeed, your view of Goethe being also mine, we set out as it were from a great centre of unity, and travel lovingly together towards all manner of regions. For the rest, nothing pleases me more than your descriptions of facts and transactions, a class of objects which grows continually in significance with me, as much else yearly and daily dwindles away, in treating which a man best of all shows what manner of man he is. I read with special interest your Doctor Bollmann, a name not altogether new to me; I could read volume after volume of such autobiography as that you give us — such Halle universities, such Battles of Wagram, such Fichtes, Wolffs, Chamisso's, and the high, tranquil-mournful, almost magical spirit of your Rahel shining over them with a light as of stars! You must not cease; you must continue. That we might *see*, eyes were given us; and a tongue, to tell accurately what we had got to see. It is the Alpha and Omega of all intellect that man has. No poetry, hardly even that of a Goethe, is equal to the true image of reality — had one eyes to see that. I often say to myself, the highest kind of writing, poetry or what else we may call it, that of the Bible for instance, has nothing to do

with fiction at all, but with beliefs, with facts. Go on, and prosper.

If you see Herr Criminaldirector Hitzig, pray remember me very kindly to him. Your friend Chamisso is also one I love. Dr. Mundt will mourn with me that the brave Rosen, his friend and mine who brought him hither, has been so suddenly summoned forever away. He is one whom many regret. Do you know Friedrich Rückert? If you stand in any correspondence with him, I will bid you tell him that I got acquainted altogether unexpectedly with his "Hariri" last summer, and rejoiced over it for weeks as over a found jewel.

Perhaps you sometimes write to Weimar; if so, pray offer our peculiar regards, my wife's and mine, to Madame von Goethe. I sent Dr. Eckermann a packet and letter, six months ago, to which there is yet no answer. His "Gespräche" and your remarks on them were right welcome.

No such book had I seen for years; it set me searching, though with little effect, through "Sylvestre de Sacy" and others; it remains a distinct acquisition for me that I shall never part with.

His Chinese Song-book I have been enjoying in these very weeks. He is a man whose heartiest friends must lie wide-scattered in such an era as ours, and ought to speak out as they have opportunity.

I have been writing a book on the French Revolution, which will perhaps get to Berlin by and by. German literature diffuses itself here and in America, rapidly, lustily, without further effort of mine. Its consequences, as I calculate, will be great and beneficial, on the new generation now rising into activity. *Deutschland* will reclaim her great colony; we shall become more *Deutsch*, that is to say more *English*, at same time.

The *Deutsche Stamm* is now clearly in the ascendant; seems as if it were destined to take the main part of the earthly globe, and rule it for a time! *Tapferkeit*, their characteristic according to Goethe, deserves to do it.

With true esteem, with thanks and affectionate wishes, I subscribe myself in hopes of meeting again some time, my dear sir, heartily yours

THOMAS CARLYLE.

Chelsea, London: Nov. 7, 1840.

MY DEAR SIR, — A fair traveller from your country, who has done us the honor and pleasure of a visit, reminds me that I ought to write, that I ought to have writ-

ten long weeks ago. Weeks, or even months; for on looking at your last note I am shocked to discover that it must be almost half a year since it, and the new volume accompanied by it, arrived here! Why I have shamefully delayed so long were now hard to say. Certainly it was not for want of thankfulness; neither was it for the rather common reason, that I had not read the book and so knew not how to speak of it. The new volume of the "Denkwürdigkeiten" was eagerly read in the first days after its arrival here, and with a pleasure which is still vividly present to me. Alas, you are a sickly man like myself; you know well enough, I doubt not, what *Procrastination* means! One of our poets calls it the "thief of time." After long months one is suddenly astonished, some day, to find how much of life, and of the best uses of life, it has stolen from us.

The most striking piece in this fifth volume was, to me, the "Congress of Vienna." All was good, and very good; but this best. At the risk of speaking things which, in a rapid, hollow time like ours, were perhaps as well unspoken, I must express my real admiration (that is the word) of the talent, skill, and faculty of many sorts displayed in such a composition. That is what we call the *art* of writing—the summary and outcome of many arts and gifts. The grand secret of it, I believe, is *insight*—just estimation and understanding, by head, and especially by heart. Give a man a narration to make, you take in brief the measure of whatsoever worth is in the man. The thing done lies round him, with length, width, depth, a distracted chaos; he models it into order, sequence, and visibility; justly, with whatever force of intelligence is in him. So far could he see into the genesis, organization, course, and coherence of it; so truly and far, no trulier and farther; it is the measure of his capability, of his *Taugend*, and even, if you like, of his *Tugend*. I rejoice much in such a style of delineation; I prefer it to almost all uses which a man can make of the spiritual faculty entrusted him here below. Let us understand the thing done; let us see it, and preserve true memory of it; a man has understanding given him, and a pen and ink, chiefly for that. In the name of the present and of future times, I bid you continue to write us "Memoirs."

Your proposed visit to London did not take effect last year. In another year perhaps you may execute it. You will find some persons here right well-affected

towards you; much to see and consider; many things, I may suppose, which at first, and some which to the last, will afflict and offend you. We are near two millions in this city; a whole continent of brick, over-arched with our smoke-canopy which rains down sometimes as black snow; and a tumult, velocity, and deafening torrent of motion, material, and spiritual, such as the world, one may hope, never saw before. Profound sadness is usually one's first impression. After months, still more after years, the method there was in such madness begins a little to disclose itself.

I read few German works at present; know almost nothing of what you are doing. Indeed, except your own writings there turns up little which a lover of German literature, as I have understood the word in old years, would not as soon avoid as seek. In these days I have read a new volume of Heine's with a strange mixture of feelings. *Heine über Börne*—it is to me the most portentous amalgam of *sunbeams* and brutal *mud* that I have met with for a long while. I remember the man Börne's book, in which he called Goethe the *graue Staar* that had shut into blindness the general eye of Germany. Heine seems to have given up railing at Goethe; he, Heine himself, it seems, has now become a "Column of Luxor," *aere perennius*, and a god does not rail at gods. *Eheu! Eheu!*

If you stand in any correspondence with Dr. Schlesier of Stuttgart, will you take occasion to signify, with many thanks on my part, that I have received his third volume of "Gentz's Writings;" that I did make some attempt to get the book reviewed here, but, having now no connection with that department of things, could not find a proper hand to undertake the business. Indeed, I apprehend Gentz has altogether passed here. I can remember him as a popular pamphleteer with a certain party in my early boyhood; but the party has now disappeared, the ideas of it have disappeared; and nobody will now recollect Gentz in the old light, or recognize him in a new. To myself I must confess he hitherto will by no means seem a hero. The only portion of his writings that I have read with any entertainment is that historical piece delineating the prologue to the Battle of Jena. What you somewhere say about him I can read; hardly what any other says. A lady here, daughter of the late Sir James Mackintosh, remembers him at Vienna: "a man in powdered ceremonial hair, with a red nose," seemingly fond of dining! *Edidit monumentum!*

The fair Sophie kindly undertaking to carry any parcel, I send you a little pamphlet of mine published last year. *Chartism*, whether one hear the word or do not hear it, is the great fact of England at present.

Did any one ever write an adequate life of your Frederick the Great? Is there anywhere a legible life of Luther, so much as an attainable edition of his "Tischreden"? I fear the answer is "No" in all these cases.

Farewell, dear sir; be, I do not say happy, but nobly busy, and think of us here as friends.

Sophie promises to see us a second time to-morrow. I do not rightly know her name yet, but she has a bright *gemüthlich* face, and laughing eyes of that beautiful *German grey!*—Believe me, yours ever truly,
T. CARLYLE.

Chelsea, London: May 16, 1841.

MY DEAR SIR, — Some six weeks ago, while I was just running off into the country, your very welcome and most friendly letter reached me here. An ugly disorder, which they call *Influenza*, had altogether lamed me, in the cold weather of spring; the doctors, and still more emphatically my own feelings, declared that I could not shake the drug of it off except in the quiet of the fields. Always, after a certain length of time spent in this enormous never-resting Babel of a city, there rises in one not a wish only, but a kind of passion, for uttermost solitude; were it only some black, ever-desolate moor, where nature alone was present, and manufacture and noise, speech, witty or stupid, had never reached. I prolonged my excursion, which at first was only a visit to Yorkshire, into the south of Scotland, my native region, where brothers of mine, where an aged, good mother, still live for me. I myself, to all other persons, am now as good as a stranger there. It is a mournful, solemn, nay, almost preternatural place for me now, that birthland of mine; sends me back from it *silent*, for there are no words to speak the thoughts and the *unthinkables* it awakens! Arriving here, ten days ago, your Berlin books, one of the most interesting gifts, lay all beautifully arranged on a table for me. I had heard of their safe arrival in my absence, and here they lay like a congratulation waiting my return.

You forbid me to *speak* of this altogether extraordinary gift; accordingly I shall say nothing of it, how much soever I must naturally feel, except that, under penalty of my never *asking* you again

about my book, you must not *purchase* for me any more than these! No, that would never do; for I shall want perhaps to ask about many books. I will put them on my shelves, having once more read them through; there let them stand as a peculiar thing, a memorial to me of many things. All my days I have labored and lamented under a fatal lack of books; as indeed England generally and London itself would astonish you in that particular; think only that in London, except it be the garbage of new novels and such like, there is no library whatever from which any man can borrow a book home with him. One library alone, in our huge *Empire*, that of the British Museum here, is open to the public, to read *in it*; thereat first I went to attempt reading, but found that in a room with five hundred people I could do no good as a reader. A German, a Frenchman, can hardly believe the existence of such a state of things; but it is a lamentable fact. We are a strange people, we English; a people, as I sometimes say, with more *inarticulate* intelligence and less of articulate than any people the sun now shines on. Speak to one of us, speak to almost any one of us, you will stand struck silent at the contractedness, perhaps Cimmerian stupidity of the *word* he responds; yet look at the *action* of the man, at the combined action of twenty-eight millions of such men. After years you begin to see through their outer *dumbness* how these things have been possible for them; how they do verily stand in closest continual communication with many a power of nature, clearest insight into that; how, perhaps, their very dumbness is a kind of force. On the whole, I grow to admire less and less your *speaking* peoples. The French are a speaking people, and persuade numbers of *men* that they are great; but coming to try veracious nature, the ocean for example, Canada, Algiers, or the like, nature answers, "No, Messieurs, you are little!" Russia again, is not that a great thing, still speechless? From Petersburg to Kamschatka the earth answers, "Yes, I love the English too, and all the Teutons, for their silence." We *can* speak, too, by a Shakespeare, by a Goethe, when the time comes. Some assiduous whisking "dog of knowledge" seems to itself a far cleverer creature than the great quiet elephant or noble horse; but it is far mistaken!

However, this of the lamentable want of books in London (owing to that "outer stupidity" of the English) has now brought about some beginning of its own remedy.

What I meant to say was, that the generous Varnhagen *need* not send me any more books, because any good book, German or other, has now become attainable here. Some two years ago, after sufficiently lamenting and even sometimes execrating such a state of matters, it struck me, Couldst not thou, even thou there, try to mend it? The result, after much confused difficulty, is a democratic institution called "London Library," where all men, on payment of a small annual sum, can now borrow books; a thing called here "Subscription Library," which in such a city as London, appetite growing by what it feeds on, may well become by-and-by one of the best libraries extant. We are democratic as I said, or rather we mean to be; for as yet only the elect of the public could be interested in the scheme. Prince Albert, good youth, is patron, by his own free offer; has given fifty pounds of money, and promises "a stock of German books." Varnhagen's are already there. *Faustum sit.*

You give an altogether melancholy account of your health; in which, alas, I can too well sympathize! It seems to me often the one misery in this world. But the supreme powers send it: we are to work under such condition; we cannot alter that condition. Perhaps there is even much good in it: I often feel so. Your response to the poor pamphlet "Chartism" is that of a generous human heart, *resonant* to all human things, never so remote from it. We are struggling as through thick darkness, in this England of ours, towards light and deliverance as I do believe. Adieu, my dear Sir; better health of body to you, and no worse healthy brotherliness of soul. With affectionate esteem, yours always,

T. CARLYLE.

Chelsea, London: Dec. 19, 1842.

MY DEAR SIR, — For several months now I have been a great defaulter; defrauding you of a most indispensable reply to a kind message, and myself of a great pleasure in imparting it! How this has been, by what foolish combinations of sickness, idleness, excessive work, you, who, alas, are yourself too often a sick man, will perhaps well enough understand. Suffice it now, better now than still later, very penitently and very thankfully to say that your most welcome gift, with the kind written remembrance in it, arrived safe here in due course; that I have read the books, especially your own part of them, a good while ago, with agreeable results

then and since, and that now when you are home again (as I hope) refreshed and recruited by the bath waters and summer recreations, I knock again at your town door with a grateful salutation.

Your "Denkwürdigkeiten" are again, as ever, the delightfulest reading to me. Truly, I think, were I an absolute monarch I should decree among other things that Varnhagen von Ense be encouraged, ordered and even compelled to write and ever to continue writing Memoirs! It is authentically my feeling. Always, alas, as one grows older, one's appetite for books grows more fastidious; there is now for me very little speculation and almost nothing of the so-called Poetry that I can bear to read at all; but a man with eyes, with soul and heart, to tell me in candid clearness what he saw passing round him in this universe—is and remains forever a welcome man. Speculations, poetries, what passes in this or the other poor human brain,—if it be not some most rare brain of a Goethe or the like; this is often a very small matter; a matter one had rather *not* know. But what passes in God's universe; this only is a thing one does wish to know, if one adequately could! In truth, I have not for years read any writings that please me, solace and recreate me as these "Denkwürdigkeiten" do. It is beautiful to see such a work so done. A Historical Picture of the living present time; all struck off with such light felicity, such harmonious clearness and composure; such a deep, what I could call *unconscious* soul of Method lying under it: the work of an Artist! Well; I will thank you; and wish you long heart and strength to continue, for my own sake and the world's; for the sake of this Time, and perhaps still more of the Times that are coming.

Your Russian Kartoptschin is a terrible fellow; a man in the style of Michael Angelo! One begins to understand how what I often call "dumb Russia" may be a kind of dumb Rome, one of the greatest phenomena on the Earth present, with such souls in it here and there. We have to thank you, at least I have, for showing us a glimpse of actual Russia face to face for the *first* time. By your help I got a real direct look at the wild Poet-soul, Puschkin; and said to myself, Yes, there is a Russian man of genius; for the first time, I *see* something of the Russians! We begin here, the better heads of us, to have a certain true respect for Russia with all its "Barbarism," real and imaginary; to understand that though the Rus-

sians have all journalists in the world against them, they have Nature, Nature's laws and God Almighty, partly in their favor! They can drill wild savage peoples and tame waste continents, though they cannot write Journalistic Articles. What a contrast with our French friends! They can prove by the precisest logic before all men that they were, are, and probably will always be, in possession of the true light! *Voilà*, this is the key to all arcana, *this* of ours. And then take a look at them in Algiers and elsewhere!

My own studies and struggles, totally ineffectual as yet, have lain principally for a long time back in the direction of Oliver Cromwell and our great Puritan Civil War, what I call the "Apotheosis of Protestantism." I do not count with any certainty that I shall ever get a book out of it: but in the mean while it leads to various results for me; across all the portentous rubbish and pedantry of two centuries I have got a fair stout view, also, of the flaming sun-countenance of Cromwell,—and find it great and god-like enough, though entirely *unutterable* to these days. Our Histories of him, contemporary and subsequent, are numerous; all stupid, some of them almost infinitely stupid. The man remains imprisoned, as under Aetna Mountains of Rubbish; unutterable, I suppose, forever. But the meaning of this preamble was, that I had an inquiry to make of you. Whether, namely, there exists in German any intelligent and intelligible Book about the military antiquities of Gustavus Adolphus's time? Much in our Cromwell's method of fighting, &c., remains obstinately obscure to me. I understand only that it was the German and Swedish method; the chief officers of our Civil War, especially great multitudes of Scotch, had served in the Thirty Years' War. Often have I reflected, in gazing into military puzzles of that period, "Would that I had Varnhagen here, the soldier and thinker, to tell me what this means!"

I decide on asking if there is any German Book, at least. But I fear there is none. We have a late "Life of Wallenstein," by a very intelligent Scotch soldier, Colonel Mitchell, but Mitchell, too, says he cannot understand *how* they fought with their pikes and muskets, or matchlocks; in short, I find he knows no more of it than I do.

There is a "Life of Jean Paul" come to me from over the Atlantic; by one Mrs. Lee, of Boston; an entertaining little book, and curious as coming from the other

hemisphere. I think of sending you a copy by some opportunity, if I can find one. Pray write to me by and by; do not imitate my sluggishness! Yours ever, with true regard,

T. CARLYLE.

Chelsea, London den: 5 Febr., 1843.

MY DEAR SIR, — Many thanks again for your kind present of Books; for your two kind letters, the latter of which arrived with Asher's book-parcel, duly, a few nights ago. The only unfriendly news you send is that of your own health, which I wish you had been able to make a little pleasanter to me! Summer weather at the baths, and no permission to enjoy it except through carriage windows, is very sad work. And you are still a prisoner in Berlin, or nearly so; — yet, thank heaven, not an idle one, not a discontented one; this, too, is something to be thankful for. We have to take the Light and the Dark as they alternate for us here below: and try to make the right use of both. I say often of myself that if I had suffered no ill health, I should have known nothing. The stars shine out, as Friedland's did, when it has grown rightly *dark* round us! Yet I hope to hear, as the summer advances, that you emerge again, and see good under the sun. Nay, so long as you can continue writing, with whatever pain it be, how many sons of Adam are there who ought to *pity* you; who are not rather called to envy you? I know not if I ever reported with what pleasure I read that little Delineation of the Prussian Field-Marshal Schwerin. One has pleasure in it because it *is* a "Delineation," which so many books only pretend to be: one *sees* a certain section of Human Life actually painted, rendered credible and conceivable to one. That last Battle is clear to me as if I had fought in it: there is a kind of gloomy, dumb, tragic strength in the Phenomenon, as in some old Norse-Mythics, for me, — as if I looked into the old Death-Kingdoms, whereon living Prussia, with what it can say and do, reposes and grows! Those long ranks of speechless Men standing ranked there, with their three-cornered hats and stiff hair-queues and fighting apparatus; dumb, standing like stone statues to be blasted in pieces with cannon-shot; — there are "inarticulate meanings" without end in such a thing for me! Surely I much approve your further biographic projects; and bid you *Frisch zu!* How true also is that of Goethe in his advice to you: I have felt it a hundred times; — indeed, it is properly the grand difficulty with my own poor

Cromwell at present; that he lies buried so deep; that his dialect, thought, aim, whole costume, and environment are grown so obsolete for men. What an English Puritan properly *meant* and struggled for in the seventeenth century: I say to myself, "Is all that dead? Or is it only *asleep* (not entirely with good consequences for us); a thing that can never die at all?" If it be *dead*, we ought to leave it alone! "Let the dead bury their dead" is as true in Literature as elsewhere. Hence indeed so few *Histories*, and so many *Pedantries* and mere Sham Histories, — which, if men were resolute enough, they would verily fling into the fire at once and make an end of!

Stühr, as you predict, is heavy; but I find him solid and earnest, I believe I shall find it well worth while to travel through him. One's *desire* to know about the old days is so unquenchable; the average of *fulfilment* to it grows at length so very low! Stühr is very far indeed above what I have to call "far" in late times.

Some fortnight ago I sent off the "Life of Richter" by the channel you pointed out. There was not another copy readily procurable; so I sent you the one we had ourselves been reading here. There was a Mitchell's "Life of Wallenstein" added, which, perhaps, you may find partly interesting even in its very shortcomings. Mitchell is an honest man; but his indignation against much inanity that he has to witness here throws him into somewhat of a cramped antagonism now and then. He is distinguished here by his deadly enmity to the bayonet, which he declares to be a total chimera in war, — false, damnable, heretical, almost in the old ecclesiastic sense! My stock of autographs which I have had much pleasure in gathering for you is of much more bulk than value! Hardly a half-dozen of men very interesting to you will you find here; the rest are transitory notabilities — on many of whom, as they are like to be entirely unknown out of their own Parish, I have had to mark some brief commentary in pencil. Pray use your *Indian rubber* there where you find needful; for it is of the nature of the speech to a trusted friend, not of *litera scripta*. Perhaps, even through the Trivial, you with your clear eyes will get here and there a glimpse into our English Existence: the great advantage is, that you can and ought to *burn* some nine-tenths of the bundle so soon as you have looked it over. As occasion offers I will not forget to gather you a few more autographs: Byron, Fox, Pitt I do not yet give

up; indeed the first of those, with some others, are already promised me.

I am very busy; and hope to tell you about what (it is a poor Volume, perhaps preparatory to something farther) in a month or two. Adieu, my good Friend: better health to both of us; unabated heart to both of us. — Yours ever truly,

T. CARLYLE.

Chelsea: Dec. 4, 1843.

MY DEAR SIR, — Will you accept from me this new packet of mostly worthless *Autographs*, if perchance it may amuse you for an hour? The collecting of it, as opportunity spontaneously turned up, has been a real pleasure to me, not a trouble or employment in any sense. We will keep the lion's mouth still open; and when I find any contribution accumulated there, I will continue to send it you.

Several of these autographs, I think, are duplicates; but you can burn the second or the first, whichever you find the more worthless, and retain the other. The best part of them, as you will perceive, came to me from Mr. Lockhart, Sir Walter Scott's son-in-law, Editor of our chief Review, a man of sound faculty and rather important position here, — who has lately made acquaintance with your writings, and is glad to do any civility to such a man.

It is now about three weeks since a new Gift of Books from you arrived safe, through the assiduous bookseller Nutt. Many thanks for your kindness, which never wearies! They are beautiful volumes, the outside worthy of the interior, these of your own: they stand on my shelves, in a place of honor; and as I look at them or re-examine them, shall remind me of many things. Nyerup too seems an excellent work of its kind; and shall be well read and useful to me one day. I wanted precisely such a lexicon, for those *Norse Mythics*. The business has had to postpone itself for the present; but is by no means finally dismissed; nay, it is likely to return, on occasion, for a long course of time. I often feel it to have been a great mistake this that we Moderns have made, in studying with such diligence for thousands of years mere Greek and Roman *Primordia*, and living in such profound, dark inattention to our own. Odin seems to me as good a divinity as Zeus, the Iomsburg is not a whit less heroic than any Siege of Troy; — the Norse conceptions of this universe, the Norse operations in this universe, were as well worth singing of, and elaborating, as

some others! But Greeks and Romans, I suppose, did not found Colleges for studying the *Phanician* languages and antiquities? In how many ways are we ridden as with nightmares, we poor Modern Men!

After long sorrows and confused hesitations, I have at last sat down to write some kind of book on Oliver Cromwell and the English Civil Wars and Commonwealth. It is the ungainliest enterprise I ever tried; grows more and more bewildering, the closer I look into it; many times I have wished it had never come athwart me; stolen already various years of ugly labor from me. But in many enterprises years of sore labor are to be sunk as under the foundations. I say and repeat to myself: St. Petersburg is a noble city; and there had to perish 170,000 men in draining the Neva bogs, before the building of it could begin; under the first visible stone of Petersburg there lie 170,000 lives of men! Courage! I must not forget to thank you for the good *Stühr*; some gleams of military illumination I did get from him, which is more than I can say of several more pretentious personages.

The *Musca volitans* is not unknown to me; I had, for some five years, and still occasionally have, a very pretty one, — which I call the "French Revolution," that book having brought it on me! Ill health is a most galling addition to one's burdens. But here too we must say, Courage, Courage! You have long been a sufferer under this foul Fiend; and you have wrenched some good hours from it too, and have some right brave work to show for yourself nevertheless. *Festina lente!* that is the important rule. May I hear that you are better; that you are again victorious and remember me! And so adieu, dear Friend, from your affectionate

T. CARLYLE.

Chelsea: Febr. 16, 1845.

MY DEAR SIR, — I am delighted to hear from you again, to taste of your old friendliness and forgiveness again. I have behaved very ill, — or rather seemed to behave, for the blame is not wholly mine, as the penalty wholly is. These many months I have not, except upon the merest compulsion, written to any person. Not that I have been so busy as never to have a vacant hour, — alas, very far from that, often enough; — but I have been, and am still, and still am like to be, sunk deep down in Chaos and the Death kingdom; sick of body, sick of heart; saddled with

an enterprise which is too heavy for me. It is many long years now since I began the study of Oliver Cromwell, a problem for all ingenuous Englishmen; it is four or five long years since I as it were committed myself to the task of doing something with it: and now, on fair trial, it proves the likeliest to any *impossible* task of all I ever undertook. The books upon it would load some waggons, dull as torpor itself, every book of them; the pedantries, dilettantisms, Cants, misconceptions, platitudes and unimaginable confusions that prevail upon it,—drive one to despair! I have read, and written and burnt: I have sat often contemplative, looking out upon the mere Infinite of desolation. What to do I yet know not. I have Goethe's superstition about "not turning back"; having put one's hand to the plough, it is not good to shrink away till one has driven the furrow through in some way or other! Alas, the noble seventeenth Century, with a God shining through all fibres of it, by what art can it be presented to this poor Nineteenth which has no God, which has not even quitted the bewildering *pretension* to have a God? These things hold me silent, for of them it is better not to speak; and my poor life is buried under them at present.

However, I suppose, we *shall* get into daylight again, sooner or later! After a good deal of consideration, I decided on gathering together all that I could yet find of Oliver's own writing or uttering; his "Letters and Speeches" I now have in a mass, rendered for the first time legible to modern men: this, though it must be a very dull kind of reading to most or all, I have serious thoughts of handing out, since men now *can* read it;—I would say, or in some politer way intimate, "There, you unfortunate *Canaille*; read them! Judge whether that man was a 'hypocrite,' a 'charlatan' and 'liar,' whether *he* was not a Hero and god-inspired man, and you a set of sniggering 'Apes by the Dead Sea.'" This you perceive will not be easy to say! All these things, however, plead my excuse with you, who know well enough what the like of them means in a man's existence; and so I stand absorbed in your thoughts, and am pitted by you, and tenderly regarded as before!

Your beautiful little Books came safe to hand above a week ago. The reading of them is like landing on a sunny green island, out of waste endless Polar Seas, which my usual studies have resembled of late. I like Derfflinger very well; and

envy you the beautiful talent of getting across a wide dim wilderness so handsomely, delineating almost all that *is* visible in it as you go! Your Elector of Brandenburg, Derfflinger's Elector, was an acquaintance of my Oliver, too; this is a new point of union. I had read Lippe already; but grudged him not a second reading, neither is this perhaps the last. I have known the man always since Herder's Biography by his Widow; and regarded him with real curiosity and interest. A most tough, original, unsubduable lean man! Those scenes in the Portuguese War which stood all as a Picture in my head were full of admonition to me on this last occasion. I said to myself, "See, there is a man with a still uglier enterprise than thine; in the centre he too of infinite human stupidities; see how he moulds them, controuls them, hurls them asunder, stands like a piece of human Valour in the middle of them; see, and take shame to thyself!" Many thanks to you for this new Gift. And weary not to go on working with great or with small encouragement in that true province of yours. A man with a pen in his hand, with the gift of articulate pictorial utterance, surely *he* is well employed in painting and articulating worthy acts and men that by the nature of them were dumb. I on the whole define all Writing to mean even that, or else almost nothing. From Homer's *Iliad* down to the New-Testament Gospels,—to the "Goethe's Poems" (if we will look what the essence of them is),—all writing means Biography; utterance in human words of Heroisms that are not fully utterable except in the speech of gods! Go on, and prosper. Though all kinds of jargon circulate round the thing one does, and these days no man as it were is worth listening to at all upon it; yet the *Silences* know one's work very well, and do adopt what part of it is *true* and preserve that indestructible though eternal time! Courage!

I have sent you here a few Autographs; they are worth almost nothing; they came without trouble, and will testify at least of my goodwill. If I had any service useful for you, very gladly would I do it.

You ask what Books, &c., you can again procure for me? At present no Books; but there is another thing perhaps,—though I know not certainly. The case is this. Booksellers are about republishing a miserable little "Life of Schiller" by me; and want a *Medal* of Schiller which they could engrave from. A good likeness; an autograph in addition is

hardly to be looked for. I have here a small cameo copied from Danecker's Bust, by much the finest Schiller's face I have seen. But perhaps there is no such Medal? Do not mind it much, I pray you! And so farewell and wish me well!

T. CARLYLE.

Chelsea, London: April 7, 1845.

MY DEAR SIR, — About a week ago I had your very kind letter with the Autograph of Schiller, which latter I shall take care to return you so soon as it has served its purpose here. The Medallions, and the Portrait of Schiller will arrive in good time for their object; we shall certainly be able to make out a likeness of Schiller from the combination, unless *our* part in it be mismanaged; yours has been performed with all imaginable fidelity! I could regret that you give yourself such a quantity of trouble to serve me; really a far too liberal quantity of trouble! — but I suppose you find a satisfaction in it; so I must let you have your way. To-day is my extremity of haste; with Printers chasing me, and paper litter of every description lying round me in the most distracting way, I must restrict myself to the one little point of business which your letter indicates; that matter of the "Behemoth." Your great Frederick is right in what he has written there, at least he is not wrong, — though I suspect he has but consulted Book Catalogues, or some second-hand Criticism, rather than the Work itself which he speaks of. "Behemoth" is the name of a very small book of Thomas Hobbes, Author of the "Leviathan," as you have guessed; I think the big "Leviathan" was published about 1650 or shortly after; and this little "Behemoth" not till about 1670, though probably written long before. I had a copy of it, and read it twice some years ago; but at this moment it has fallen aside, and I must speak from memory. It is properly a *historical Essay* on the late Civil War which had driven Hobbes out of England; it takes a most sceptical atheistic view of the whole Quarrel; imputes it all to the fury of the Preaching Priests, whom and indeed all Priests and babbling Religionists of every kind Hobbes thinks the Civil Power ought to have coerced into silence, or ordered to preach in a given style. In this manner, thinks he, the troubles had all been prevented; similar troubles may again be prevented so. He speaks little about Cromwell; rather seems to admire him, as a man who did coerce the Priests, though in a fashion of his own; — this

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leads me to suspect that your king had never seen the actual book, but spoken of it from hearsay. It is a most rugged, distinct, forcible little Book, by a man of the Creed and Temper above indicated; I remember it gave me the idea of a person who had looked with most penetrating though unbelieving eye upon the whole Affair, and had better pointed out the epochs and real cardinal points of this great quarrel than any other contemporary whom I had met with. I know not whether this will suffice for Herr Preuss's object and yours: but if you need more precise instruction, pray speak again; it is very easy to be had to any extent. Nay, I think it would not be difficult to pick from the Old-Book stalls a copy of the book itself: but indeed there is a new Edition of all Hobbes' works lately published, in which the "Behemoth" is duly included, — Sir William Molesworth's "Edition of Hobbes;" which is probably in one of your Public Libraries by this time.

I send you an Autograph of Thomas Babington Macaulay, a conspicuous Politician, Edinburgh-Reviewer, Rhetorician, and what not among us at present. The note is addressed to me; the subject is perhaps worth mentioning. An old foolish story circulates concerning Oliver Cromwell: how when the king in 1647 was negotiating between the Army and the Parliament, he had promised to make Oliver an Earl and Knight of the Garter; how Oliver did not entirely believe him; got to understand that he was writing a letter to his Queen, which was to go off on a certain afternoon, sewed into the pannel of a saddle, by a Courier from an Inn in London: how Oliver thereupon, and his son-in-law, on that certain afternoon, *disguised themselves as troopers*, proceeded to the specified Inn, gave the Courier a cup of liquor, slit open the saddle, found the Letter, and there read, — "Fear not, my Heart; the *garter* I mean to give him is a hemp rope." Whereupon, &c., &c. This story, of which we have Oil Pictures, Engravings, and a general ignorant belief current among us, I have for a long time seen to be mere *Mythus*; and had swept it, with many other such, entirely out of my head. But now a benevolent gentleman writes to me that, for certain, I shall get evidence about it, in Sir James Mackintosh's papers, — sends me even a long memoir on the subject. Macaulay has Sir James's Papers at present: I forward to Macaulay the long memoir; requesting *him* to burn it, if, as I conclude, he has and can have no

evidence to confirm the story. This is his answer. It is astonishing what masses of dry and wet rubbish do lie in one's way towards the smallest particle of valuable truth on such matters! I was in Oliver's native region two years ago; and made sad reflections on the nature of what we call "immortal fame" in this world!

Peel is considered to have done a great feat in getting a Grant of Money (a much increased Grant) for the Catholic College of Maynooth in Ireland. I do not wonder your King is in a great hesitation about setting up Parliaments in Prussia. I would advise a wise man, in love with *things*, and not in love with empty talk *about* things, to come here and look first! Adieu, my dear Sir,—in haste to-day.—Yours always truly, T. CARLYLE.

Chelsea: June 8, 1845.

MY DEAR SIR,—I am still kept terribly busy without leisure at any hour: but no haste can excuse my neglecting to announce the safe arrival of your bounties, which arrive in swift succession, and ought to be acknowledged in word as well as thought.

The tiny Package of the Schiller Valuable had survived without damage the hazards of its long journey: it arrived here, after not much delay, several weeks ago,—just as the Printing of the Book was about completed: still in time. We admire much the new Portrait of Schiller. It was put at once into the hand of the Publisher; who with all alacrity set about engaging "the best Engraver,"—whose name I do not know; whose quality I much insisted on; and whom, accordingly, I suppose to be busy with the operation even now. Hitherto I have heard nothing farther; my Publishers live far off in the heart of the City and its noises; and all my locomotions at this period direct themselves towards the opposite quarter. But of course I expect to see a Proof before they publish: If the Artist do his duty, it will not fail of welcome from all parties. I would thank you and the kind Madame von Kalb for all your kindness: but you will not accept even of thanks. I suppose this must be the real likeness of Schiller, in fact; whosoever spreads this abroad to the gradual extrusion of the others, is doing a good thing! We have hung up the little Medallions on the wall, where they shall many times remind us of you.

Your "Life of Blücher" came next which shall solace my earliest leisure;—and which in the mean while does not lie

idle, but gets itself read with acceptance in the house. I forwarded the copy to Mr. Lockhart: I had by chance seen him the night before. He is not, and has not been, so poorly in health as your news had reported: a man of sharp humors, of leasible nerves; he complains somewhat, but is recovering;—a tough, elastic man. It is a strange element for a man, this town of ours; and the voice of what is called "Literature" in it gets more and more into the category of *Jargon* if you be a little in earnest in this world! Were there not something better *meant* than all that is *said*, it were a very poor affair indeed. "Verachtung, ja Nichtachtung": that really is the rule for *it*.

My poor book on Cromwell will, if the Fates permit, get itself disengaged from the Abysses by and by. It is very torpid, after all that I can do for it; but it is authentic, indisputable; and earnest men may by patience spell out for themselves the lineaments of a very grand and now obsolete kind of man there! What else is the use of writing? To explain and encourage grand dumb acting, that is the whole use of speaking, and Singing and Literating! That or nearly so. Good be with you, my dear Sir. With many thanks and regards, yours ever truly,

T. CARLYLE.

Chelsea, London: August 19, 1845.

MY DEAR SIR,—Once more I am to trespass on your good nature for a little bit of service you can do me. A distinguished lady here, the Lady Harriet Baring, has seen lately, in the house of some country friend, an "Illustrated Life of Frederick the Great," just imported from Germany, a copy of which she is very desirous to possess. It is "in one stout volume 8vo, the woodcuts are beautiful;" recently published; where, by whom, or of whose authorship, I cannot tell! This is somewhat like the Interpreting of Nebuchadnezzar's Dream, the Dream itself not being given; however, I hope your sagacity will be able to divine what is meant. It is evidently some "Pracht-Buch" for Drawing-room Tables: "Leben Friedrichs mit Holzschnitten;"—the Woodcuts, moreover (or perhaps they were not *wood*-cuts at all) were "in the manner of Retzsch." Does this define it for you? *Wood*-cuts or not, they were interspersed among the Letterpress—part of a page printed, part engraved.

If you can find with certainty what Book it is, and get me a Copy well bound, and send it over by the Berlin and Fleet-Street

Bookseller, I shall be really obliged. One might have it bound here; but the foreign binding will be more piquant. It should be done *anmuthig*, yet with much modesty: we will trust to your taste for that. On the outside of one of the *boards* (of course not on the *back*) there should be legible, within a border, the letters "H. M. B." which mean Harriet Montague Baring) and "Addiscombe" (the place of residence). These are rather singular duties to impose upon you! Nevertheless I will trust to your goodness for doing them even with pleasure. And pray observe farther: I cannot consent to the operation at all unless you leave the whole *money* part of it to be settled by myself with the bookseller here; that is an absolute condition, a *sine quâ non*.

Another lady has employed me in another somewhat singular thing of the Book kind,—which also, when your hand is in, I may as well ask you to do. It is to send a copy of the established "Domestic-Cookery Book" of Germany! We wish to see what the Germans live upon; and perhaps to make incidental experiments of our own out of that. Any *Gnädige Frau* acquainted with her duties will direct you what the right Book is. It need not be bound; it is for use; to get the right Book is the great point. I hope you will so far approve this International Tendency, and new virtuosity on the part of high persons here, as to lend due help in the matter! "Absolute condition," or *sine quâ non*, as in the former case.

I sent by a private hand, some two months ago, a couple of Copies of "Schiller's Life," with the Autograph you had kindly lent me. My Messenger reported that you were gone to the Baths; where I suppose you still are. I hope, well?

In November you will get "Cromwell's Letters;" which I hope you will be able to read. I have had a really frightful business of it with that book, which grew in my hands into rather unexpected shape;—which still detains me here, now that all the world has quitted London. Accept many salutations and kind wishes from yours ever truly,

T. CARLYLE.

Chelsea: Octr. 22, 1845.

MY DEAR SIR,—You have again, as you are on all occasions doing, deserved many thanks from me. The German Books, all right and fit according to the requisition, were announced to me as safe arrived, three weeks ago, while I was in Scotland on a visit to my native place

there. They were sent straight to the fair hands to whom they now belong; and due thanks, the real ownership of which was *yours*, were paid me by return of Post. The "Friedrich der Grosse," I find, was perfectly correct; not less so, I will hope, the "Geist der Kochkunst"! In fact you have very much obliged me by your goodness in this matter; and now if the Bookseller will send his account, it will complete the favor; and this important little matter, more important than some greater ones, will be well and kindly finished.

A few days after I wrote last, there came to me, from Lewis, your Book on "Hans von Held." Lewis had been unwell; had hoped always to bring the Book, and never till then decided on sending it. For this Book also I will very heartily thank you. It is like a Steel Engraving; has vividly printed on my mind the image of a *Man* and his Environment; and in its hard outlines, bound up by the rigours of History and Authenticity one traces indications enough of internal harmony and rhythm. As in the Tirynthian walls, built of dry stone, it is said you may trace the architectural tendencies that built a Parthenon and an Iliad of other materials! I found much to think of in this life of Held; new curiosities awakened as to Prussian life; new intimation that the soul of it as yet lay all dumb to us English, perhaps to the Prussians themselves. They begin to seem to me a great People; a kind of German-English, I sometimes call them; great *dumb* Titans,—like the *other* Mecklenburgers that have come to this side of the Channel so long since.

In my Scotch seclusion I read Preuss's two books on "Friedrich," which you sent me a long time ago. The liveliest curiosity awoke in me to know more and ever more about that king. Certainly if there is a Hero for an Epic in these ages—and why should there not in these ages as well as others?—then this is he! But he remains still very dark to me; and Preuss, though full of minute knowledge and seemingly very authentic, is not exactly my man for all purposes! In fact I should like to know much more about this king; and if of your own knowledge or with Herr Preuss's help, you could at any time send me a few names of likely Books on the subject, they would not be lost upon me.

About the middle of next month, the "Cromwell," which is waiting for a Portrait, and also for the return of London

Population from the Country, is to make its appearance; and your Copy shall have the earliest conveyance I can find. You will, of course, try to read it; and if you can get across the rind of it, will find somewhat to interest you. *Glück und Segen* always! — Yours most truly,

T. CARLYLE.

From Macmillan's Magazine.

A GOOD WORD FOR THE SPARROW.

I HAVE lived through three or four mad-dog panics. I remember a gentleman's housekeeper being bitten by a pampered pet dog which she was trying to make eat contrary to its inclination, persuading herself that the dog was mad (it was the time of one of these panics), becoming very ill, going to bed, persuading herself that she was suffering from hydrophobia, and barking accordingly (it was the correct thing to do in the circumstances), and yet getting well when the doctor (whom I knew) succeeded in persuading her that the dog might not have been mad after all. She lived for years afterwards. I remember a very valuable pointer being shot because it had the misfortune to be bitten by a dog reputed to be mad, which had snapped at a female who menaced it as an intruder with a stick, and in passing the pointer in its effort to escape just rased the skin with its teeth. I remember being told that two pigs said to have been bitten by one of these dogs-with-ill-names went mad, "barked like dogs," and were slain. Nay, I remember hearing that the young onions in a bed which was crossed by the said unlucky dog as it levanted after biting the pigs, went mad too, and showed it by jumping out of their places in the bed! — I never heard what their roots had to say to it — and departing this life in consequence, as sane onions would not have done. Nay, I even heard, — it was in the same county where I used to hear an unsuccessful attempt had been made to get the moon out of the water wherein she had been clearly seen by credible deponents — that the same dog bit a wheelbarrow in passing, and that it was thought safer to chain the wheelbarrow up. But that, I think, must have been of the nature of making fun of some person or persons not named. But first and last, I think I have known of fifty to eighty dogs slain in the course of these panics, simply because they had got the bad name of having possibly been bitten by a possibly mad

dog. And I am afraid my dear old familiar friend, the sparrow, has got a like bad name, — perhaps no more deserved than nineteen out of the twenty ill names those poor unlucky dogs had got.

We are told that he is a thief, a burglar, and a bully; that he takes action of ejectment without being backed by a legal writ; that he dispossesses the harmless martin of the snug mud domicile he has built for himself and partner; that he drives away the softer-billed birds, and banishes the weaker ones; that he damages the flower-seeds, and utterly ravages the labors of the kitchen-gardener; that he is such a ruffian that no bird of his own size dare attack him. Nay, even his personal looks, mien, and gestures show what a mean rascal he is; he is ugly and ill-plumaged, his movements are "graceless, heavy motions," and his note is a "monotonous chirp."

I wonder who is responsible for the charge of robinicide which hangs over the sparrow's head like a black fog over a smoky city. It is true he is made to vaunt himself of the deed; but I think, while it accounts for one of the divers ill names credited to him, still it must be looked upon as at least, what the Scottish law courts call, not proven. For, waiving the little difficulty of the bow and arrow, having still, and having had for well on to threescore years and ten, a very large and almost as intimate an acquaintance with both robins and sparrows, I have never once seen the latter act as the aggressor in any quarrel between the two birds; but I have seen the robin attack the sparrow a hundred times, and again a hundred, and the latter turn tail, — rather ignominiously moreover, if the weights of the two parties be taken into account. Nay, even the meek, apologetic cuddly, or hedge-sparrow, holds its own if its house-brother so far forgets the dictates of prudence as to try to act the bully. And I am bound to say that in all my acquaintance with birds driven by stress of weather, or induced by the abundant and easily obtained supplies of food at my study window or on the terrace below my dining-room window, I have never seen my much-abused friend attempt to molest the stray chaffinch, larger tits, or any other bird less, or less powerfully armed than himself. Frankly, I do not hold with the doctrine that dubs him a bully. He is not half nor a quarter so much of a bully as the robin, and as regards the nuthatch, why, it is Oliver Twist matched against the Beadle. No doubt his motto, like that of other nature-

led creatures, is practically, "Every one for himself and God for us all;" but I have never seen him act as if it was, "Nae halves or quarters! Haill o' my ain."

Certainly he is as independent a fellow as any bird I know. I see him sometimes in long-continued snow and persistent hard weather, on my terrace, coming and going, in parties of half-a-dozen, half-a-score, fifteen, or twenty. This year, though the snow was deep and the thermometer low, I have seldom seen more than six or eight in all. No doubt the ready explanation is that the truculent sparrow has driven him away. Still, that sounds strange; he can't very well have driven himself away! But he is not there in his wonted numbers, and he has not been in the ivy above during the past nesting-season, in his wonted numbers; though there has been no sparrow persecution here, nor anything that I know of calculated to lessen their numbers. This seems to me to betoken not exactly that the sparrows are the active agents in the lessening of the numbers of small birds, but rather that they themselves are subject to the same decimating law as the house-martin, the beam-bird or spotted flycatcher, the white-throat, and the other little birds alleged nowadays to be the victims of the sparrow's high-handed behavior and injurious usage.

But this is a digression. What I was saying was that the sparrow is an independent sort of fellow. One day, not far back, when putting down a few meat-bones, not very closely picked, had influenced the shivering and not too ravenous disposition of a pair of starlings for the customary bread-crumbs so far as to multiply the one pair by four, in flew the vivacious sparrows among the hungry lot, just as friendly as the members of a well-to-do club. They took no particular notice of the starlings, and the starlings returned the compliment. I did not even see a single nod exchanged. There seemed to me just the same sort of tacit understanding as exists among the occupants of the same table in a refreshment-room at a duly frequented railway-station. Put into our language, it would be: "Ah, you are hungry as well as we. All right; pitch in; there's plenty for all of us." As to hustling, pushing, pecking, driving away, I see ten times more of the real thing among my chickens and my pigeons when the food is just newly thrown down to them, than among the hungry birds I have fed all these years at my window.

I can fancy some one saying to me, with

that peculiar and entirely pleasant tone and look adopted by the friend who intends to "shut you up" with his coming remark: "Ay, but how about those partitioned boxes you put up in the ivy for the accommodation of the starlings, some of which have been piratically appropriated by the sparrows; a proceeding which leads, as you admit, to a good deal of 'differing' and bickering between the sparrows and the starlings when nests and eggs are about?" Well, I wonder, if it had so happened that instead of thinking a little about the sparrows as well as the starlings when those boxes were put up, I had thought entirely about the sparrows and not at all about the starlings and their little wants and comforts, whether it would have occurred to my friend, who is taking now "my contrary part," to charge the occupying starlings with being the aggressors and usurping plunderers. According to the universal bird-law—the law of nature, in fact—the one species of bird has just as much right to those convenient apartments as the other. Even if I could have posted notices in "monotonous sparrow-chatter" and mocking-bird starling lingo, "These boxes are for the exclusive use of the starlings," or *vice versa*, I could not thereby have annulled bird-law any more than King Canute could abrogate tide-law.

But this is what sentimental writers and observers (most fallaciously so-called) habitually ignore. From the vituperations lavished upon him the sparrow must be as systematic and as deliberate a scoundrel as the scientific burglar of to-day, and with precisely the same amount of active conscience. What he does is not only done too effectually and well, but it is done through want of principle, out of mere wickedness, regardless of the right, even unfeelingly or brutally. That is really what a great deal of the clap-trap about the sparrow in his dealings with other small birds comes to, if one takes the trouble to analyze it. He is not only a bully, an oppressor, a plunderer or usurper; but he knows he is, and continues to be so in spite of his conscience, and in fact revels in his own heartlessness.

But, for my own part, while I entertain somewhat grave doubts as to the recognition among birds generally of the dictates of morality, or any delicate perception of the difference between right and wrong, and of the nice distinction to be drawn between *meum* and *tuum*, I own to a very great doubt whether the sparrow ought to be relegated to the "criminal classes"

any more than the robin, the bunting, the chaffinch, the starling, the hedge-sparrow, or any other of the birds he is supposed to be injurious to—even the pathetically pictured martin itself. If either of these birds—or any other birds whatsoever in fact—finds a site suitable for its nest, it annexes it forthwith, whatever and wherever it may be, and maintains it unless dispossessed by superior force. Thus, in the way of illustration merely, the beam-bird, or ordinary fly-catcher, has not only built its nest in the ivy almost by prescription sacred to the sparrows and starlings and rarely occupied by less than twenty nests of the two species, but has, once at least, placed its nest in one of the compartments of my partitioned boxes fixed up in the midst of the said ivy. Nay, only last year I saw the nest of a pair of these birds in a sort of way-side private letter-box, into which it was customary to drop newspapers, notices, and matters of that kind. Yet, strange to say, the owner of the quasi-pillar-post in question, who showed me the nest, did not accuse the small intruders of burglarious, usurping, or even larcenous dispositions or intentions. Equally strange too it is that, although the shieldrake, the stock-dove, and the puffin often, and quite as villainously as ever sparrow with a martin's nest, dispossess the poor, inoffensive rabbit, without even a beak or claws to defend himself with, of his laboriously grubbed-out burrows, just simply to place their nests,—at least, their eggs (or egg) therein, no one seems inclined to make moan for poor bunny or affix hard names to his plunderers. That treatment is reserved for the sparrow. Indeed, I should like to send one or two of the most virulent among the sparrow's backbiters and the most pathetic retailers of the story of his evil doings to the touching vignette on p. 365, vol. iii., of Yarrell's "British Birds," wherein an inoffensive rabbit is portrayed sitting up in the attitude of a little dog taught to beg, fore paws held out in suppliant-wise to a puffin with menacing beak and extra-hyper-passerine impudence, whose mate is actually winking (at least the picture makes it look so) as it occupies the entrance of the burrow her mate so unceremoniously declines to cede to its rightful owner. And this is the accompanying letter-press: "Rabbit-warrens are not unfrequent on our coasts, and where this happens, the puffins often contend with the rabbits for the possession of some of the burrows." Oh, wicked puffins! to reduce yourselves thus to the

level of the thieving, violent, burglarious, rightful-owner-evicting, caitiff sparrow!

Indeed, if we make our reference to common sense and ordinary observation—I don't mean "observation" of the amateur or popular description—I doubt very much if, within certain limits to be named presently, any of the standard allegations to the discredit of the sparrow, whether sentimental or matter-of-fact, would be held by an impartial jury to have been made out. By aid of a sort of flighty, haphazard, hand-to-mouth calculation (based, however, on local and personal knowledge of every farmstead, cottage, dwelling, hamlet, group of houses, or village, in my own wide parish, the only certainty about it being that it is under, not over the mark), I make the assumption that, at this present moment, there are in the parish not less than five hundred pairs—or, to avoid misconception, I will say couples—of sparrows maintaining themselves from day to day. About these five hundred couples of sparrows, if I canvassed the parish round, going to every one of the multitudinous occupiers of land (considerably over one hundred in all), and asking each in his turn if he felt or thought that he had been sensibly damaged to the extent even of one penny by the dishonesty or other peccadilloes of the sparrows during the months of October, November, December, and January just past, I do not believe that I should find one in every ten who either could or would answer my inquiry in the affirmative. If I were to go on with my catechism and ask if, during the past season, they had frequently or even occasionally seen or known of the sparrows as bullying and ill-using other birds, evicting them from their nests or nest-places, and usurping the same for themselves,—well, I think the reply would be in the form of a look and a laugh,—the look to see if I was joking, the laugh if they saw I was in earnest. But suppose I continue my calculation, and extend it to the county, and after that (as I in reality did) to the kingdom, I arrive at a total of certainly not under, and most likely greatly above, five millions of couples of sparrows. I wonder how many cases of violence, oppression, plunder, usurpation over and upon the weaker small birds could be alleged, and, much more, established. And suppose we carry the "wondering" further back, and carry it as far as the date of the first pathetic tale of evicting the martin, or any like villainy (or say for the last half century only), I wonder how many alleged—not authen-

ticated but alleged—instances could be produced. Is there one in a million—I will not say one in ten thousand, one in a thousand, or one in a hundred—but is there one in a million, or one in ten millions, that has ever been heard of, or that possibly could be ferreted out?

Again, I wonder what we should think of an observing foreigner coming to England for the first time, and recording his observations, and prominent among them the note, founded on the fact that among the first natives he had seen on landing, two or three very swarthy individuals had come under his observations: "The English are singularly dark in complexion; indeed, they might be described as tawny rather than fair!" Yet that is the way the sparrow's character is writ, wide generalizations based on two or three, or a few separate instances.

When the charges against an accused person or party are found on examination to resolve themselves into random aspersions, or, at least, misrepresentations, it is usually held to be unnecessary to proceed very much further with the defence. Still there is the old saying, "Throw plenty of mud, and some of it is sure to stick;" and, as it seems to me, few birds have been so thoroughly well bespattered as the sparrow. Now I am not going to bring witnesses to his character, as I saw done the other day in a periodical, where the Reverends F. O. Morris, J. G. Wood, Mr. Harting, and others, were put into the witness-box, but simply to state what the general result of the observations made during a period of more than sixty-five years' close if not intimate acquaintance with him really is, as regards his character and conduct. I have seen a good deal of mischief done by him in wheat-fields when the grain was ripening. But even here I think it would be fairer to qualify the charges brought against him. According to my observation the area of his depredations is not as wide as the area of the wheat-lands said to be affected. He does not find the wheat-fields out, and fly to them on pilfering intent, in whatever part of the farm-hold they may be situated. The fields near home, within easy flight of the farmstead, are the feeding-grounds that he affects; and even then it is not the whole breadth of the wheat-field that is injured by his plundering propensities. I remember when I was first big enough to be trusted with a gun (the adequate dimensions seem to have been attained in the course of my twelfth year) the field separated from my father's garden by the hedge

out of which I shot my first blackbird was a wheat-field; and I think I never saw a field in which the still standing wheat was more damaged by the sparrows than that field. It was a large one, twelve or fifteen acres, the upper part of it being not more than a hundred yards from the barnyard, stabling, and other offices. But the sparrows did not spread themselves indiscriminately over the whole area of the field; their attentions seemed to be limited to its upper part, and to the strip of it adjoining the aforesaid hedge. The "stetches" lying alongside that hedge (a nice bushy one, affording plentiful shelter for them if disturbed), and for about half down the side of the field, were verily and indeed subjected to "visitation of sparrows." The rest of the field was not touched. I have noticed the same thing again and again within the last half-score years; only here the inclosures are few of them of any great size, and even in these smaller fields the damage done is limited to the lands near the hedge. Yet to read the tirades against the sparrow and his mischievous propensities, one is left to infer that it is the great total of the wheat-field that is harried and wasted by his unscrupulous maraudings.

Again, he is charged with dire mischief on the flower-beds, and still worse in the kitchen-garden. My experience in a large garden is that half-a-dozen slugs do more mischief among the springing flower-seeds than all the birds I have about the place, inclusive of the fifteen to twenty pair of sparrows that nest in my ivy, the starling-boxes, and the fir-trees near the house. In the kitchen-garden it is true much damage is (or would be, if I permitted it) done by the small birds; but I candidly own I should not have thought of incriminating the sparrows as the principal agents. What I have found is, that the three or four pairs of greenfinches which annually nest in my shrubs do five times the mischief in stooking up the germinating seeds they affect, than all my sparrows put together. I don't say these last are entirely innocent; but I do say that, if I had only the sparrows to contend with for the integrity of my drills of radish-seed, cabbage-seed, and that of other members of the *brassica* family, I should not have to trouble myself greatly. As it is, I find that my mustard and cress, radishes, and so forth, are most safely and efficiently protected by a few lengths of wire pea-guards, as they are called, but which might just as well be termed seed-guards from their extensive utility when so em-

ployed. I don't deny that mischief is done by the sparrows, and in the garden as well as in the field; but I do say that they are credited with a great deal that they are not responsible for, and that very much of that mischief, by whatsoever birds effected, is easily preventible. My raspberries are under galvanized wire netting, and my strawberries, gooseberries, currants, red and black, are under herring-nets spread over rough frames, or low posts and wires; about a quarter of an acre of the old nets named having been procured at an expense of less than twenty-five shillings.

I have noted above that, during the last four months the sparrows here have been practically innocuous, and I may add that they are quite safe to continue so for some time to come, even in the ways that they are so unjustly blamed for. But in the mean while, as in the past, and prospectively, they are "maintaining themselves." But how? If they are not living on the farmers' corn or the gardeners' seed, how are they keeping body and soul together? The ornithologists say they live on grain, seeds, insects, soft vegetables, and so on. But if we eliminate the grain and garden-seeds, as we must for so great a portion of the year, what have they to fall back upon for their subsistence? Well, I go into a farmyard, and, as I let the gate clash behind me, I disturb a flock of five-and-twenty or thirty sparrows, which fly quickly up into some adjoining tree, or to the roofs of the farm premises close at hand, from the middenstead or dunghill, or manure-heap, or from the long litter in the fold-yard, or some such like place; and, if they are not further disturbed, in a minute or two you see them dropping down again by ones and twos to the place they had flown from. Disturb the surface of the middenstead or dunghill, always warm from the natural "heating" going on below, and even in the winter's day you see, if not "any amount," yet certainly no small amount of animal life in the shape of insects in some stage or other of their development. Or see the flock of sparrows again at or near the barn door, or wherever the dust and sweepings of the barn floor are thrown out; any one who knows the nature of that refuse—that, for one grain of corn (probably imperfect at the best), it contains a hundred seeds of plants that are certainly no good to the farmer—knows also what the sparrows find there to reward their sharp-eyed and diligent search. That is the way the sparrow lives through

no small part of the entire year, doing no appreciable harm, utilizing what otherwise would be wasted, consuming what would, if left uninterfered with, have been more or less noxious to the land and its cultivators.

But further, I have the sparrow close under my eye and actual observation any day or every day, but especially in times of continued frost and snow, and also when the cares and occupations of the nesting season are upon him. What I am told by the sentimental or perfunctory observer is one thing; what I see is another. I am told he is a bully and injurious to other small birds, that he is a feathered dog-in-the-manger and usurper, that he is bellicose and pugnacious. Of course he is pugnacious and fights; he would not be bird if it was otherwise. But it is with his own kind, and I really don't think that he is worse than other birds, or different from them in that respect. I have seen his neighbors in my ivy, the starlings, so resolute and so bitter in their hostilities one with the other, that they did not in the least mind my quoting good Dr. Watts to them from the window, but kept on with their scrimmage, grappled together in a struggling, dishevelled, feather-mass till I had had time to leave the room, tread the passage to the door, and go round most part of two sides of the house, stoop down and almost touch them with my outstretched hand before they would give over and try to escape from a man's clutch. The sparrows, on the other hand, are much more amenable; the gentle reminder that

Your little claws were never made

To scratch each other's eyes,

addressed to them from the window, has generally a soothing effect. One day too, in this garden, I saw a triangular duel between three cock partridges for the love of one lady partridge, who sat calmly by on a flower-bed, taking no apparent interest in the issue of the fight. Perhaps she took a pride in being fought about; perhaps she was totally indifferent as to who got the mastery, thinking them all equally game birds. Any way she sat there, stolid and immobile, save that now and then she preened a feather or two. But the three combatants fought heroically on, although I had advanced within four or five yards of them, and but for the fact that Miss P. felt shy at my approach, they might have been fighting still for all I can tell. Often too, in the old days before driving was, and when old grouse had the dominancy of the moor, I have seen from

three to five old cocks holding a private tournament as to which of them should win some as yet undeclared moor-bird queen of beauty. They wheeled and they flew in wide circles, but never in a straight course, never heeding me or my gun, sometimes two only, then three or four, then all in a rough-and-tumble together, so that if I had been sanguinarily inclined I could have bagged the whole lot with a couple of well-considered shots. And certainly the sparrows are no exception to this bird-rule; though (probably from their more intimate acquaintance with humanity) they never lose their presence of mind in such cases to the same extent as the starling, partridge, and grouse do.

But as to the rest of it: in the hungriest times I never see the sparrow attack his marrows in size or nearly so; and, what is very much more to the purpose, I never see, nor ever have seen, any signs of apprehension, of even striking recognition on the part of other small birds, occasioned by the advent of one or a dozen sparrows. If a cat or a kitten, or even a dog, shows itself anywhere near, up fly the birds, some into the ivy, some to the neighboring thorn, the blackbirds and so on to more distant shelter. If I show myself abruptly at the window, much the same sort of stampede takes place. But the advent of a whole troop of sparrows makes not the slightest apparent difference to the company assembled, hedge-sparrows, chaffinches, robins, or what not. To be sure, if one of the new arrivals seems to affect a morsel to which a robin has already attached himself, or even appears likely to direct his attention that way, the robin, in nine cases out of ten, gives him a decided hint with his sharp bill to "keep out of that;" and I never yet saw even the pawkiest sparrow venture to stand up to the aggressive redbreast.

As to what I have seen well called "the ridiculous notion of his driving other birds away," or "displacing other birds more valuable than himself," or having to do with the diminution in the numbers of whitethroats, chaffinches, and tits, and all the rest of that farrago of nonsense, I do not so much question the alleged facts on which it is made to depend, as deny them altogether. It is a fact that during the severe snowy weather we had a few weeks ago my usual number of pensioner sparrows had dwindled down to four or five couple in place of the pristine ten, twelve, or fifteen couple. But I do not allege it as a fact that these diminished numbers are due to a league of the starlings (who

were present to the number of four pairs, contrary to all precedent), robins, cuddies, chaffinches, etc., formed against the sparrows; although if I did, it would be just as reasonable and just as well supported as these contrary statements under notice. I used to see great flocks of greenfinches, numbering many scores, sometimes even two or three hundreds, in our corn stubbles during the late autumn and early winter, while of late years the numbers are strangely reduced. But I think there is another way of accounting for such diminution, besides attributing it to any cause analogous to the alleged hostile action of the sparrow, — a cause too much more in harmony with the ascertained laws of nature. There are fewer slovenly farmers than there used to be. The greenfinches had, what a gardener of mine once termed, "a lavishing time of it" when whole farms had their cornfields yellow with charlock while the corn was growing, and strewed with its seed after harvest. And real observers know well enough that the questions of adequate supply of food and varying climatic influences have more to do with the presence or absence of birds in successive seasons than any such utterly inadequate causes as the alleged hostility or usurping aggression of some other, and especially only a single, species of birds.

As to my friend the sparrow's "graceless, heavy motions," his "monotonous chirp," and (to put it gently) painful lack of beauty, one would think that ordinary dwellers in the country have neither ears nor eyes. And yet, I used to think that "monotonous" was hardly the word to apply when a dozen or two of sparrows were having, as they so frequently do have, a good lively little squabble among themselves. Their gamut seemed to me to be one of very considerable range. And besides, although I should be sorry to claim for them the merits of distinguished vocalists, still there are to my ear few country sounds more pleasant than the soft chirp of a flock of sparrows when the day with all its occupations and excitements is ended, and they are just cosily talking it over before bidding good-night with mutual assurances of good feeling.

As to his vesture, it may not be a Joseph's coat; nor am I quite sure that the matutinal walking-dress of a certain distinguished character when about to "visit his snug little farm," entirely commends itself to my taste. Certainly the sparrow is not arrayed like that particular "old gentleman," and, for one, I had rather that he was not. I have as delicately

painted a portrait of the cock sparrow as any that, so far as I know, exists in any gallery, now before me; and as I look at the well-chosen shades of his costume, so harmoniously arranged and so good in themselves, chestnuts, and browns thrown up and relieved by pure whites and good blacks, and himself so well groomed and natively arranged, I think I admire him considerably more than the great majority of those lords of the bird realm whose court-dress has given occasion to the somewhat sarcastic remark that "fine feathers make fine birds." Of course I may be, very likely am, only manifesting my bad taste, or showing that I have "no eye for beauty." Indeed, I am almost afraid that I may have no eye at all, because I have never yet perceived the "graceless, heavy motions" of these inferior and reprobate birds. In my blindness, or at least incapacity to see clearly, I had fancied that the movements of the "pert," the "impudent" sparrow were the reverse of heavy; were, rather, active, brisk, alert. The motions of a toad are possibly somewhat graceless and heavy; nor would I call those of a gawky Cochinchina fowl, as it hurries out of the way of an advancing vehicle, either light or graceful. But then, the imperfection of my vision is such that I cannot compare the quick, brisk flight of the sparrow, his natural, easy equilibrium as he alights, his perfect self-possession as with bright eye he surveys the scene, to the movements of either the chicken or the toad.

J. C. ATKINSON.

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A CHAPTER ON PLATO.

BY WALTER PATER.

I.

WITH the world of intellectual production, as with that of organic generation, nature makes no sudden starts. *Natura nihil facit per saltum*; and in the history of philosophy there are no absolute beginnings. Fix where we may the origin of this or that doctrine or idea, the doctrine of "reminiscence," for instance, or of "the Perpetual Flux," the theory of "induction," or the philosophic view of things generally, the specialist will still be able to find us some earlier anticipation of that doctrine, that mental tendency. The most elementary act of mental analysis takes time to do; the most rudimentary sort of speculative knowledge, abstractions so

simple that we can hardly conceive the human mind without them, must grow and with difficulty. Philosophy itself, mental and moral, has its preparation, its forethoughts, in the poetry that preceded it. A powerful generalization thrown into some salient phrase, such as the *πᾶντα ἕκαστὸν* of Heraclitus, may startle a particular age by its novelty; but takes possession there only because its root, all along, was somewhere among the natural though but half-developed instincts of the human mind itself. Plato has seemed to many no less than the creator of philosophy; and it is an immense step he makes, from the crude or turbid beginnings of scientific inquiry with the Ionians or the Eleatics, to that wide range of perfectly finished philosophical literature. His encyclopædic view of the whole domain of knowledge is more than a mere step in a progress. Nothing that went before it, for compass and power and charm, had been really comparable to it. Plato's achievement may well seem an absolutely fresh thing in the morning of the mind's history. Yet, in truth, the world Plato had entered into was already almost weary of philosophical debate, bewildered by the oppositions of sects, the claims of rival schools. Language and the processes of thought were already become sophisticated, the very air he breathed sickly with offcast speculative atoms. In the "Timæus," dealing with the origin of the universe, he figures less as the author of a new theory, than as already an eclectic critic of older ones, himself somewhat perplexed by theory and counter-theory. Some of the results of patient earlier thinkers, even then dead and gone, are of the structure of his philosophy; not like the stray, carved corner of some older edifice, here or there amid the new, but everywhere in it, like minute relics of earlier organic life in the very stone he builds with. The central and most intimate principles of his teaching challenge us to go back beyond them, not merely to his own immediate, somewhat enigmatic, master—to Socrates, who survives chiefly in his pages—but to various precedent schools of speculative thought, in Greece, in Ionia, in Italy; beyond these into that age of poetry, in which the first efforts of philosophic apprehension had hardly understood themselves; beyond that unconscious philosophy, again, to certain constitutional tendencies, persuasions, forecasts of the intellect itself, such as had given birth, it would seem, to thoughts akin to Plato's in the older civilizations of India and of Egypt as they still exercise their authority over our

selves. The thoughts of Plato like the language he has to use (we find it so again, in turn, with those predecessors of his when we pass from him to them), are covered with the traces of previous labor and have had their earlier proprietors. If at times we become aware in reading him of certain anticipations of modern knowledge, we are also quite obviously among the relics of an older, a poetic, or half-visionary world. It is hardly an exaggeration to say that in Plato, in spite of his wonderful savor of literary freshness, there is nothing absolutely new; or rather, as in many other very original products of human genius, the seemingly new is old also, a palimpsest, a tapestry of which the actual threads have served before; or like the animal frame itself, every particle of which has already lived and died many times over. Nothing but the life-giving principle of cohesion is new; the new perspective, the resultant complexion, the expressiveness, which familiar thoughts attain by novel juxtaposition. In other words, the *form* is new. But then, in the creation of philosophical literature, as in all other products of art, form (in the full signification of that word), form is everything, and the mere matter is nothing.

II.

THERE are three different ways in which the criticism of philosophic, of all speculative opinion whatever, may be conducted. The doctrines of Plato's "Republic," for instance, may be regarded as so much truth or falsehood, to be accepted, or rejected, as such by the student of today. That is the dogmatic method of criticism; judging every product of human thought, however alien or distant from one's self, by its congruity with the assumptions of Bacon or Spinoza, of Mill or Hegel, according to the mental preference of the particular critic. There is, secondly, the more generous Eclectic, or Syncretic, method, which aims at a selection from contending schools of the various grains of truth dispersed among them. It is the method which has prevailed in periods of large reading but with little inceptive force of their own, like that of the Alexandrian Neo-Platonism in the third century, or the Neo-Platonism of Florence in the fifteenth. Its natural defect is in the tendency to misrepresent the true character of the doctrine it professes to explain, that it may harmonize so much the better with other elements of a pre-conceived system. Dogmatic and Eclectic criticism alike have in our own

century, under the influence of Hegel and his predominant theory of the ever-changing "Time-spirit" or *Zeitgeist*, given way to a third method of criticism, the historic method; which bids us replace the doctrine, the system, we may be busy with, or such an ancient monument of philosophic thought as the "Republic," as far as possible in the group of conditions, intellectual, social, material, amid which it was actually produced, if we would really understand it. That ages have their genius as well as the individual; that in every age there is a peculiar *ensemble* of conditions which determine a common character in every product of that age, in business and art, in fashion and speculation, in religion and manners, in men's very faces; that nothing man has projected from himself is really intelligible except at its own date, and from its proper point of view; in the never-resting secular process; the solidarity of philosophy, of the intellectual life, with common or general history; that what it behoves the student of philosophic systems to cultivate is the "historic sense;" by force of these convictions many a normal, or at first sight abnormal, phase of speculation has found a reasonable meaning for us. As the strangely twisted pine-tree, which would be a freak of nature on an English lawn, is seen to have been the creature of necessity, of the logic of certain facts, if we replace it, in thought, amid the contending forces of the Alpine torrent that actually shaped its growth; so believes the most fantastic, the "Communism" of Plato, for instance, have their natural propriety when duly correlated with those facts, those conditions round about them, of which they are in truth a part. In the intellectual, as in the organic, world the given product, its normal or abnormal characteristics, are determined, as people say, by the "environment." The business of the young scholar, therefore, in reading Plato, is not to take his side in a controversy, to adopt or refute Plato's opinions, to modify, or make apology for, what may seem erratic or impossible in him; still less, to furnish himself with arguments on behalf of some theory or conviction of his own. His duty is rather to watch intelligently, but with strict indifference, the mental process there, as he might watch a game of skill; better still, as in reading "Hamlet" or the "Divine Comedy," so in reading the "Republic," to entertain for its dramatic interest the spectacle of a powerful, of a sovereign intellect translating itself, amid a complex group of conditions which can

never in the nature of things occur again, at once pliant and resistant to them, into a great literary monument. To put Plato into his natural place, as a result from antecedent and contemporary movements of Greek speculation, of Greek life generally—such is the proper aim of the historic, that is to say, of the really critical study of him.

III.

AT the threshold, then, of the "Republic" of Plato, the historic spirit impresses upon us the fact that some of its leading thoughts are partly derivative from earlier thinkers, of whom we happen to possess independent information. From that brilliant and busy, yet so unconcerned, press of the early Greek life, one here, another there stands aside to make the initial act of conscious philosophic reflection. It is done with something of the simplicity, the immediate and visible effectiveness, of the visible world in action all around. Among Plato's many intellectual predecessors, on whom in recent years much attention has been bestowed by a host of commentators after the mind of Hegel, three emerge distinctly in close connection with the "Republic," whose ideas, whose words even, we really find in the very texture of Plato's work: Pythagoras, the dim, half legendary founder of the philosophy of number and music; Parmenides, "My father Parmenides," the centre of the school of Elea; Heraclitus, thirdly, author of the doctrine of "the Perpetual Flux;" three teachers, it must be admitted, after all, of whom what knowledge we have is to the utmost degree fragmentary and vague. But then, one way of giving that knowledge greater definiteness is by noting their direct and actual influence in Plato's writings.

Heraclitus, too, the first prose-writer of philosophy—a philosophy, half poetic figure, half generalized fact, in style crabbed and obscure, yet stimulant, invasive, not to be forgotten—he, too, might be thought as a prose-writer, one of the "fathers" of Plato. His influence on Plato, however, was by way of antagonism or reaction; Plato's stand against any philosophy of motion becoming, as we say, something of a "fixed idea" with him. Heraclitus, of Ephesus (what Ephesus must have been just then is denoted by the fact that it was one of the twelve cities of the Ionian League), died about forty years before Plato was born. Here then at Ephesus, the much frequented centre of the religious life of Ionia, itself so

lately emancipated from its tyrants, of ancient hereditary rank, an aristocrat by birth and temper, amid all the bustle of still undiscredited Greek democracy, he had reflected, not to his peace of mind, on the mutable character of political as well as of physical existence; perhaps, early as it was, on the mutability of intellectual systems also, that modes of thought and practice had already been in and out of fashion. Empires certainly had lived and died around; and here, in Ephesus as elsewhere, the privileged class had gone to the wall. In this era of unrestrained youthfulness, of Greek youthfulness, it is one of the haughtiest of that class, as being also of nature's aristocracy, and a man of powerful intellectual gifts, Heraclitus asserts the native liberty of thought at all events; becomes, we might truly say, sickly with "the pale cast" of his metaphysical questioning. Amid the irreflective actors in that rapidly moving show, so entirely immersed in it, superficial as it is, that they have no feeling of themselves, he becomes self-conscious. He reflects; and his reflection has the characteristic melancholy of youth when it is forced suddenly to bethink itself, and for a moment feels already old and the temperature of the world about it sensibly colder. Its very ingenuousness, its sincerity, will make the utterance of what comes to mind just then somewhat shrill or over-emphatic. Yet Heraclitus, thus superbly turning aside from the vulgar to think so early in the impetuous springtide of Greek history, does but reflect, after all, the superficial aspect of what actually surrounds him, when he cries out—his philosophy was no matter of formal treatise or system, but of harsh, protesting cries—*πάντα χωρεῖ καὶ οὐδὲν μένει*. There had been inquirers before him, of another sort, purely physical inquirers, whose bold, contradictory, seemingly impious guesses how and of what primary elements the world of visible things, the sun, the stars, the brutes, their own souls and bodies, had been composed, were themselves a part of the bold enterprise of that romantic age; a series of intellectual adventures, of a piece with its adventures in unknown lands or upon the sea. The resultant intellectual chaos expressed the very spirit of gifted and sanguine but insubordinate youth (remember, that the word *νεότης*, *youth*, came to mean rashness, insolence), questioning, deciding, rejecting, on mere rags and tatters of evidence, unbent to discipline, unmethodical, irresponsible. Those opinions, too, coming and going.

those conjectures as to what underlay the sensible world, were themselves but fluid elements on the changing surface of existence. Surface, we say, but was there really anything beneath it? That was what to the majority of his hearers, his readers, Heraclitus, with an eye perhaps on practice, seemed to deny. Perpetual motion, alike in things and in men's thoughts about them; the sad, self-conscious, philosophy of Heraclitus, like one, in that barely adolescent world, knowing beyond his years and so eager to instruct it, makes no pretence to be able to restrain that. Was not the very essence of thought itself also such perpetual motion?—a baffling transition from the dead past, alive one moment since to a present, itself deceased in turn ere we can say, It is here? A keen analyst of the facts of nature and mind, a master presumably of all the knowledge that then there was, a vigorous definer of thoughts, he does but refer the superficial movement of all persons and things around him to deeper and still more masterful currents of universal change, stealthily withdrawing the apparently solid earth itself from beneath one's feet. The principle of disintegration, the incoherence of fire or flood (for Heraclitus these are but lively figures of movements, subtler yet more wasteful than those obvious cosmic ones), are inherent in the primary elements alike of matter and of the soul. *λέγει πον Ἡράκλειτος, writes Aristotle, ὅτι πάντα χωρεῖ καὶ οὐδὲν μένει.* But the principle of lapse of waste, was, in fact, in one's self; *εἰμὲν τε καὶ οὐκ εἰμὲν.* "No one has ever passed twice over the same stream." Nay! the passenger himself is without identity. Upon the same stream at the same moment we do, and do not, embark; for we are, and are not. And this rapid change, if it did not make all knowledge impossible, made it wholly relative, of a kind (that is to say) valueless in the judgment of Plato; and "man" the individual, at this particular vanishing-point of time and place, "the measure of all things"

To know after what manner [says Socrates in the "Cratylus," after discussing the question in what proportion names, fleeting names, contribute to our knowledge of things], to know after what manner we must be taught, or discover for ourselves, the things that really are (*τὰ ὄντα*) is perhaps beyond the measure of your powers and mine. We must even content ourselves with the admission of this, that, not from their names, but much rather themselves from themselves, they must be learned and looked for. . . . For consider, Cratylus!—a point I oftentimes dream on—whether or no we may affirm that what is

beautiful and good in itself, and whatever is, respectively, in itself, *is* something? *Crat.* To me at least, Socrates, it seems to be something. *Soc.* Let us consider then, that in itself; not whether a face, or anything of that kind, is beautiful, and whether all these things seem to flow like water. But, what is beautiful in itself—may we say?—has not this the qualities that define it always? *Crat.* It must be so. *Soc.* Can we then, if it is ever passing out below, predicate about it: first, that it *is* that; next, that it has this or that *quality*; or must it not be that, even as we speak, it should straightway become some *other* thing, and go out under on its way, and be no longer as it *is*? . . . Now, how could that which is never in the same state be a thing at all? Nor, in truth, could it be an object of knowledge to any one; for, even as he who shall know comes upon it, it would become another thing with other qualities; so that it would be no longer matter of knowledge what sort of a thing it is, or in what condition. Now, no form of knowing, methinks, has knowledge of that which it knows to be no-how. *Crat.* It is as you say. *Soc.* But if, Cratylus, all things change sides, and nothing stays, it is not fitting to say that there is any knowing at all. . . . And the consequence of this argument would be, that there is neither any one to know, nor anything to be known. If, on the other hand, there be that which knows, and that which is known; and if the Beautiful *is*, and the Good *is*, and each one of those things that really are, *is*, then, to my thinking, those things in no way resemble that moving stream of which we are now speaking. Whether, then, these matters be thus, or in that other way as the followers of Heraclitus affirm and many besides, I fear may be no easy thing to search out. But certainly it is not like a sensible man committing one's self, and one's own soul, to the rule of names, to serve them, and, with faith in names and those who imposed them, as if one knew something thereby, to maintain (damaging thus the character of that which is, and his own), that there is no sound ring in any one of them, but that all, like earthen pots, let water.

IV.

YET that there was another side to the doctrine of Heraclitus, we may understand from certain fragments which name already the eternal *Logos*; an attempt on his part, after all, to reduce that world of chaotic mutation to *Cosmos*, to the unity of a reasonable order, by the search for and the notation, if there be such, of an antiphonal rhythm, or logic; which, proceeding uniformly from movement to movement as in some intricate musical theme, might link together in one those contending, infinitely diverse impulses. It was an act of recognition, even on the part of a philosophy of the inconsecutive,

the incoherent, the insane, of that wisdom which, says the son of Sirach, "reacheth from end to end, sweetly and strongly ordering all things!" Yes! That musical spirit might be heard, though faintly, singing in the distant background. But if the Weeping Philosopher, the first of the pessimists, finds the ground of his melancholy in the sense of universal change, still more must he weep at the dulness of men's ears to that continuous strain of melody throughout it. In truth, what was sympathetic with the hour and the scene in the Heraclitean doctrine, was the boldly aggressive, the paradoxical and negative tendency there, in natural collusion, as it was, with the destructiveness of undisciplined youth; that sense of rapid dissolution, which, according to one's temperament and one's luck in things, might extinguish, or kindle all the more eagerly, an interest in the mere phenomena of existence, of one's so hasty passage through the world.

The theory of the Perpetual Flux was indeed an apprehension of which the full scope was only to be realized by a later age, in alliance with a larger knowledge of the natural world, a closer observation of the phenomena of mind, than was possible, even for Heraclitus, at that early day. So, the seeds of almost all scientific ideas were dimly enfolded, it might seem, in the mind of antiquity; and fecundated, admitted to their full working prerogative, one by one in after ages by good favor of the special intellectual conditions belonging to a particular generation, which, on a sudden, finds itself preoccupied by a formula, not so much new, as renovated by new application. It is in this way that the most modern metaphysical, and the most modern empirical, philosophies, alike, have illustrated emphatically, justified, expanded, the divination (we may make bold to call it under the new light now thrown upon it) of the ancient theorist of Ephesus. The entire modern theory of "development," in all its various phases proved or unprovable, what is it but old Heracliteanism awake once more, in a new world and grown to full proportions? *πάντα ῥεῖ, πάντα φέει*: it is the burden of Hegel on the one hand, to whom nature, and art, and polity, and philosophy, ay! and religion too, each in its long historic series, are but so many conscious movements in the secular process of the eternal mind; and on the other hand of Darwin and Darwinism, for which, "type" itself, properly, *is* not, but is only always *becoming*. The bold paradox of Heraclitus

is, in effect, repeated on all sides, as the vital persuasion, just now, of a cautiously reasoned experience; and in illustration of the very law of change which it asserts, may itself presently be superseded as a commonplace. Think of all that subtly disguised movement, *latens processus*, Bacon calls it (again, as if by a kind of anticipation), which modern research has detected, measured, hopes to reduce to minuter, or ally to still larger, currents, in what had seemed most substantial to the naked eye, the inattentive mind! To the "observation and experiment" of the physical enquirer of to-day, the eye and the sun it lives by reveal themselves, after all, as Heraclitus had declared (scarcely serious, he seemed, to those around him), as literally in constant extinction and renewal; the sun only going out more gradually than the human eye; the system meanwhile of which it is the centre, in ceaseless movement no-whither. Our terrestrial planet is in constant increase by meteoric dust, moving to it through endless time out of infinite space. The Alps drift down the rivers into the plains, as still loftier mountains found their level there ages ago. The granite kernel of the earth, it is said, is ever changing in its very substance, its molecular constitution, by the passage through it of electric currents. And that Darwinian theory—that "species," the identifying forms of animal and vegetable life, immutable though they seem, now as of old in the Garden of Eden are fashioned by slow development, while perhaps millions of years go by—well! every month is adding to its evidence. Nay, the idea of development—that, too, a thing of growth, developed in the progress of reflection—is at last invading one by one, as the secret of their explanation, all the products of mind, the very mind itself, the abstract reason,—our certainty, for instance, that two and two make four. We have come gradually to think, or feel, that primary certitude. Political constitutions, again, as we now see so clearly, are not made, cannot be made, but grow. Races, laws, arts, have their origins and end, are themselves ripples only on the great river of organic life; and language is changing on our very lips.

V.

IN Plato's day, the Heraclitean Flux, so deep down in nature itself—the flood, the fire—seemed to have laid hold on man, on the social and moral world, dissolving, or disintegrating, opinion, first principles, faith, establishing amorphism,

so to call it, there also. All along, indeed, the genius, the good gifts of Greece to the world had had much to do with the mobility of its temperament. Only, when Plato came into potent contact with his countrymen (Pericles, Phidias, Socrates being now gone), in politics, in literature, and art, in men's characters, the defect naturally incident to that fine quality had come to have unchecked sway. From the lifeless background of an unprogressive world — Egypt, Syria, frozen Scythia — a world in which the unconscious social aggregate had been everything, the conscious individual, his capacity and rights, almost nothing, the Greek had stepped forth, like the young prince in the fable, to set things going; which, however, to the philosophic eye generally, about the time when the history of Thucydides leaves off, seemed to need a regulator ere the very wheels wore themselves out. Mobility! — we do not think that a necessarily undesirable condition of life, of mind, of the physical world about us. 'Tis the dead things, we may remind ourselves, that, after all, are most entirely at rest; and might reasonably hold that motion (vicious, fallacious, infectious, motion, as Plato inclines to think) covers all that is best worth being. And as for philosophy, — mobility, versatility, the habit of thought that can most adequately follow the subtle movement of things, that, surely! were the secret of wisdom, of the true knowledge of them. It means susceptibility, sympathetic intelligence, capacity, in short. It was the spirit of God that moved, moves still, in every form of real power, everywhere. Yet to Plato motion becomes the token of unreality in things, of falsity in our thoughts about them. It is just this principle of mobility, that, with all his contriving care for the future, he desires to withstand. Everywhere he displays himself as an advocate of the immutable. The "Republic" is a proposal to establish that indefectibly in a very precisely regulated, a very exclusive community, which shall be a refuge for elect souls from an ill-made world.

That four powerful influences made for the political unity of Greece was pointed out by Grote; common blood, common language, a common religious centre, the great games in which all alike communicated. He adds that they failed to make the Greeks one people. Pan-hellenism was realized for the first time, and then but imperfectly, by Alexander the Great. The centrifugal tendency had ever been too much for the centripetal tendency in

them, the progressive elements for the element of order. Their boundless impatience, that passion for novelty noted in them by Saint Paul, had been a matter of radical character. Their varied natural gifts did but concentrate themselves now and then to an effective centre, that they might be dissipated again, towards every side, in daring adventure alike of action and of thought. Variety and novelty of experience, further quickened by a consciousness trained to an equally nimble power of movement, individualism, the capacities, the claim, of the individual, forced into their utmost play by a ready sense and dexterous appliance of opportunity; herein, certainly, lay at least one-half of their vocation in history. The material conformation of Greece, a land of islands and peninsulas, and broken up by repellent lines of mountain this way and that, nursing jealously a little township of three or four thousand souls into an independent type of its own, conspired to the same effect. Independence, local and personal — it was the Greek ideal! Yet of one side only of that ideal, as may be seen, of the still half Asiatic, rather than the full Hellenic ideal, of the Ionian ideal, as conceived by the Athenian people in particular, people of the coast who have the roaming thoughts of sailors, ever ready to float away anywhere amid their walls of wood. And for many of its admirers, certainly, the whole Greek people has been a people of the seacoast. Lacedæmon, however, as Plato and others thought, hostile, inaccessible, in its mountain hollow where it had no need of any walls at all, there were resources for that discipline and order which constitute the other ingredient of a true Hellenism, the saving Doric soul in it. Right away thither, to that solemn old mountain village, now mistress of Greece, he looks often, in depicting the perfect City, the ideal State. Perfection everywhere, we may conceive, is attainable only through a certain combination of opposites, Attic *ἁλεια* with the Doric *ὄρεα*; and in the Athens of Plato's day, as he saw with acute prevision, those centrifugal forces had come to be ruinously in excess of the centripetal. Its rapid, empiric, constitutional changes, the subdivisions of parties there, the dominance of faction as we see it steadily increasing, breeding on itself, in the pages of Thucydides, justify Plato's long-drawn paradox that it is easier to wrestle against many than against one. The soul, moreover, the inward polity of the individual, was the theatre of a similar

dissolution; and truly stability of character had never been a prominent feature in Greek life. Think of the end of Pausanias failing in his patriotism, of Themistocles, of Miltiades, the saviours of Greece in a kind of consecrated age, actually selling the country they had so dearly bought to its old enemies. It is something in this way that, for Plato, motion and the philosophy of motion identify themselves with the vicious tendency in things and thought. Change is the irresistible law of our being, says the Philosophy of Motion. Change, he protests, through the power of a true philosophy, shall not be the law of our being; and it is curious to note the way in which, consciously or unconsciously, that philosophic purpose shapes his treatment, even in minute detail, of education, of art, of daily life, his very vocabu-

lary, in which such pleasant or innocent words, as "manifold," "embroidered," "changeful," become the synonyms of what is evil. He, first, notes something like a fixed cycle of political change; but conceives it (being change) as, from the first, backward towards decadence. The ideal city, again, will not be an art-less place; it is by irresistible influence of art he means to shape men anew; by a severely monotonous art, however, such art as shall speak to youth, all day long from year to year, almost exclusively of the loins girded about.

Stimulus, or correction! One hardly knows which to ask for first, as more salutary for our own slumbersome, yet so self-willed northern temperaments. Perhaps all genuine fire, even the Heraclitean fire, has a power for both.

THE VANISHED CITY OF VEII. — It is the fresco work upon the walls of the sepulchre which give it its chief interest. For aught that probability can urge in opposition, here we have paintings contemporary with those of Phidias or Zeuxis. It is no uncommon thing to see a statue a couple of thousand years old; but a picture of the same age, the fragments of which have still a certain freshness, is a rarity indeed. Alas! however, this vault is likely soon to be quite inapplicable to the Grotta of Veii. When the tomb was first disclosed, the colors were really vivid. Fifty years of partial exposure to the air has done much to obliterate both the colors and the outline of the drawing. As for the subjects of these pictures dedicated to the dead, conjecture has it all its own way. You distinguish the naked forms of men and boys, and the spotted bodies of divers nondescript beasts, all marching in procession; but there is no clue to the story they might unfold. One of the animals has the characteristics of a sphinx; another may be a curious long-legged horse, upon which a very small boy is set astride. There are suggestions of the tiger and the dog about certain of the other beasts; but suggestions only. There is no key to the riddle, however. All we can do is to call them venerable grotesques in red, yellow, and black. They may symbolize events in the life or after-life of the persons who were buried there, or they may not. We therefore locked up the Grotta and again ascended to the plateau of Veii. For a few yards we trod upon — nothing less than a pavement of basaltic flags, like those of the Roman roads in the Forum of Rome. This was an eloquent testimony of past power; but the tangle of

briars and ilex scrub had covered the rest. Fancy, however, picked out the road for a mile or more under stones and superincumbent earth. A rock, too, with divers niches chiselled out of the face of it seemed to argue that here, at one time, was a place of votive offerings in the vicinity of the temple. We were soon to have ample witness of another kind that there were temples in Veii in the old days. After a weary trudge we came upon a cut in the surface of the plateau. Several peasants were in the hole, and a clerk of the works was superintending their labor. What think you was the composition that they had thrown out of this hole in their burrowing? There was a little earth, but a much greater heap of fragments of earthenware, moulded into representations of heads, arms, legs, feet, rude figures of the internal and external human organs, and the like. It was as if the old inhabitants of Veii themselves were being brought to light in pieces. There could be little doubt that the clerk of the works was right in his surmise that they were excavating upon the site of one of the chief temples of the old city. The various models of heads, legs, etc., were votive offerings dedicated to the gods of the Etruscans, even as in our day the present inhabitants of Etruria dedicate the same kind of offerings done in wax or silver, to the Virgin or their favorite saint in acknowledgment of some petition accorded to them. Here was material for soliloquy, with a vengeance! From one pit I passed to another, and beheld the bases of columns which once, no doubt, were part of the temples of Veii. The men dug and quarried in the ruins, and the red earth and every spadeful of *débris* contained a part of the vanished city.

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